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H E L E N A:

OR, THE

VICISSITUDES

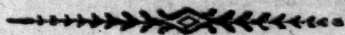
OF A

MILITARY LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

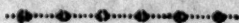
BY AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.

VOL. II.



C O R K:

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M.DCC.XC.

THE

HERBERT

MUSEUM

OF

THE

BRITISH



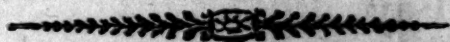
OF

THE

BRITISH

MUSEUM

HELENA.



LETTER I.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

Dublin.

AFTER a very short and agreeable passage, we are at length, my dearest Lucinda, safely landed in Ireland:—we went on board immediately after I had concluded my last—we took a tender leave of our affectionate friends, and directly set sail: there were few passengers—none considerable enough

to deserve a particular description. When I found myself sick, I retired to bed after my mother's example; but our sickness was of a short duration—the next morning we were in Dublin Bay.

On receiving this welcome intelligence, I ascended to the deck, and was charmed with the beauty of the prospect that surrounded us: I felt an additional flow of spirits, as I stood contemplating this pleasing scene. I was awakened from the agreeable reverie by a summons to the wherry, that was to take us on shore: a melancholy sadness overspread my dear mother's expressive countenance as she stepped from the boat on the quay;—I eagerly enquired the cause.

“ Oh! my Helena, the last time I was in Dublin---here---just here, stood
your -

your dearest father to receive me!—recollection—heart-affecting recollection, in how lively a manner does it represent that happy meeting, and every tender expression that flowed from the lips of that best of men, as he embraced me and his sweet children.”

I could only answer, my Lucinda, by my tears; and catching her hand, I pressed it to my bosom.

“My child, don’t afflict yourself; I am to blame to indulge those unavailing reflections: excuse your mother—I will endeavour to banish them.”

A carriage that had been sent for, just then arriving, we got into it, and drove to a Mr. Wentworth’s, in Grafton-street (an old acquaintance of my
A 3 mother’s.)

mother's.) We received the most flattering reception from Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth—they were rejoiced to see us; and on my mother's requesting they would recommend a genteel lodging to her, they insisted on accommodating us themselves. My mother was pleased to remain in their house, and thanked them for this proof of their kindness: so we are to board with them during our stay in Dublin.

Mr. Wentworth is an handsome man, about six-and-thirty, possessed of a large fund of good humour, not remarkably strong in his intellects, tho' he is very fond of saying what he calls *good things*; these he utters on every occasion, attended with a hearty laugh, which generally causes one in the rest of the company: setting aside
this

HELENA.

this foible, he is a well meaning, agreeable man.

Mrs. Wentworth is a few years younger than her husband—pleasing in her person; her affection for him, prevents her seeing what is ridiculous in his behaviour: indeed it is so unbounded, that she often makes herself miserable about him, and that on the most trifling occasions:—she has that natural benevolence of disposition, she thinks no office mean, that can in the least contribute to your ease or satisfaction—a wish to oblige, that though it sometimes is troublesome, it proceeds from so good a heart, you cannot but admire the cause, though you experience the inconveniency of the effects.

But I hasten to make you acquainted with an officer, who has made

HELENA.

strange havock in your Helena's heart. Stop, my dear;—now is your lively imagination picturing him?—a tall, elegant fellow, with dark eyes, and white teeth. You are mistaken, Lucinda; my favorite is turned of seventy; tall he is indeed, though he has contracted a stoop that precludes every idea of elegance: he has a surprising animation in his countenance: his age considered, and the recollection of what his appearance must have been thirty years ago, makes me the less surpris'd he should have captivated a beautiful girl of sixteen, possessed of all the advantages of rank and fortune—and he barely a poor lieutenant.

He was formerly in the regiment with my father; they served together in many campaigns; and on that memorable day the gallant *Wolfe* lost his life,

life, my father was taken prisoner by the French; and the worthy lieutenant Jameson had a bullet lodged in his side; he languished some months under this wound, and was incapable of attending the regiment to the West-Indies, the time Martinico and the Havannah were taken: his impatience to join them, retarded his recovery; and in spite of his surgeon's advice, he went too soon: the consequence was, his wound opened:—he was in such danger, he was ordered home—the moderate climate he experienced on his return to Ireland, soon perfectly restored his health:—this was the time he became acquainted with the amiable Emma Johnston, — she irreconcilably offended all her friends by this marriage;—every thing they could keep from her they did: five hundred pounds was left her by her grandmother; even this they did

did not receive without trouble. She is a most valuable woman---still very handsome: all their children died in their infancy, except one son, who is now about two-and-twenty, an ensign in a regiment stationed at Gibraltar. He entered the army a volunteer; the worthy old gentleman's eyes fill with tears, whenever he mentions him.

“ My Charles,” said he, “ would not acknowledge any master except the king. His rising in the army must depend on chance ; we, alas ! can do but little for him ; merit, without money, is but a poor recommendation to those in power : sorry am I to say interest carries every thing in the army. How many insignificant striplings do we see put over the heads of men of approved courage ? and how mortifying to a man that has served his king
and

and country for years, to be at last, perhaps, commanded by a boy?"

A blush of indignation arose in his countenance as he was speaking; and the agitation with which he concluded, shewed how deeply he was concerned in the subject:—Mrs. Jameson wept.

"It was against his mother's desire, (continued the lieutenant) Charles chose the profession of arms. But what could he do? his fortune was small—his spirit high. Charles is of a sanguine disposition; he thinks he will have more success in a military life than his father."

"And so he may, my dear sir: why should you not hope the best? you'll see he will return to you crowned with laurels."

"God

"God grant it," said Mrs. Jameson. "May I be permitted once more to embrace my darling son."

You can't imagine, my Lucinda, how I love this worthy pair; I enjoy more real pleasure, seated in their little parlour, than I should in the most splendid assembly. You would be charmed with the elegant neatness of their habitation: their domesticks are one female servant, and an old soldier that lived with the lieutenant almost from the time of his first entering the army. His master declares, old Hervey shall never want that protection and care his advanced age requires (for he is almost helpless) while he has a house to shelter him. How this worthy officer's humanity, my Lucinda, reflects on the rich. Blush ye that are possessed of affluence, and coldly turn your eyes from your fellow-

low-

low-creatures, whose calamitous situation call forcibly for relief! Blush at this example!

The good lieutenant is pleased with the attention with which I listen to his narrations; for, like all old warriors, he is rather prolix. And oh! Lucinda, how my heart glowed, when, recounting the particular incidents of his life, he mentioned my dearest father in terms the most flattering!—my tears bore testimony to my feelings, as he now recollected *this* circumstance, now *that* of my dear parent's gallant behaviour: so natural were his descriptions, I thought I saw him before me in the manner described.

My mother has heard that the gentleman, on whom she has her demand, lives in Limerick; she has wrote to

VOL. II. B him,

him, stating our situation;---we have not yet been favoured with an answer.

I have seen so little of Dublin, I cannot give you my opinion of it: I fancy I shall like it. We dine at the lieutenant's—Adieu!

There was a cousin of lieutenant Jameson's dined with us; a fine shewy looking woman; about six-and-twenty. She was pleased to take such a sudden liking to your Helena, that she earnestly requested my mother would permit me to accompany her home to her father's, who lives in a small village, a short mile from town.

My mother thanked Miss Hammond, and said "I should certainly visit her."—"But immediately: dear madam,

madam, do allow Miss Courtenay to return with me this evening." My mother smiled, and entreated her to excuse me for the present; but she continued urging her with such importunity, she was obliged to consent I should attend her and remain a few days: she was quite rejoiced—we sat off immediately after tea. On our arrival at the village, finding no one at home, we proceeded to a gentleman's house, within a few doors;—we were ushered into a large parlour, where sat several ladies and gentlemen at cards. Miss Hammond introduced me to her sister and the company, by the title of "the fair American," a name lieutenant Jameson distinguishes me by. I was received with the easy politeness, that marks the behaviour of the truly well bred in every country, and after supper, returned with the Miss Hammonds to their house.

It is the custom in this village, to meet every evening at one of their houses, where they amuse themselves with dancing or cards :—this, as there are eight or ten agreeable families in the neighbourhood, makes the long winter nights pass imperceptibly.

Mr. Hammond was in the North ; the ladies have no mother, and keep house week about; they live in a very genteel stile; the only disagreeable thing to me, while I was there, was the constant bickering of the sisters—continually differing in opinion, which always produces an argument even on the most trivial subject. I happened to be a favorite with both, so was often referred to; but I always remained neuter;—this you will say, was the wisest method.

Strange

Strange my Lucinda, that sensible women as they really are, should be so captious in their behaviour to each other. How often have I wished I had been blest with a sister; as things have turned out, perhaps it is better as it is. And is not my Lucinda a sister to me, a more than sister—the beloved friend of my heart.

I fear we shall have much trouble respecting this money; the man has not answered my mother's letter; we hear he is greatly involved, more than he is worth, some say:—a terrible prospect for us.

My mother has laid the matter before a counsel; she is advised to commence a suit immediately;—she cannot conceal her uneasiness: when will our misfortunes terminate. Should we lose this money, what will become

of my mother and her poor Helena? her pension will not afford us common necessaries. I will not dwell on the subject; and (as I have somewhere read) take up misery on interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth have introduced us to all their acquaintance; a very numerous one: they do every thing in their power to render our situation agreeable. Indeed, the inhabitants of this metropolis are polite and hospitable to a degree, scarce credible.

My mother has just received a note from Miss Hammond:—I will transcribe it:—

“ I hope my dear Mrs. Courtenay will favour me with her sweet daughter's company for a few days. We are to have a ball at a Mr. Leslie's, in the neighbourhood, occasioned by his son's

son's returning from the East-Indies, where he resided several years. We are to have grand doings, I assure you: I inclose a card for the dear girl; I shall be miserable if you will not permit her to come: do, dearest madam, I beseech you, according to your usual goodness, grant this petition of your obliged

M. H.

My mother has consented for me to go;—the carriage comes for me to-morrow.

“You will be amazed, my dear Helena,” said she. “My child has had too many afflictions lately, not to have all the pleasure I can give her.”

“How considerate, dearest madam; but believe me, when I assure you, my greatest pleasure is to be with you.”

“I do,

"I do, my love; but at your age, those relaxations are necessary."

I must prepare for my excursions. Adieu, my Lucinda, for a few days.



Well, my dear, I am returned, after a most agreeable week.—When the appointed evening came, we sat off for Mr. Leslie's, all elegantly dressed. The entertainment of the night was conducted with the utmost propriety. We did not break up 'till five in the morning. Mr. Leslie's son is nothing remarkable either in person or manners.

We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, when a carriage stopped at the gate; I ran to the window—who should I see alight from it but my

my mother and Mrs. Wentworth ;---
I flew down stairs to meet them : my
dear mother embraced me.

“ I need not enquire my girl’s
health,” said she, “ that glow on your
countenance, evinces it to my satis-
faction.”

She then paid her compliments to
the Miss Hammonds, and smiling,
told them, they were come to take me
to town. Miss Hammond entreated
her to leave me a few days longer :
when Mrs. Wentworth said, “ There
was to be a party of young people at
her house the next evening ; they were
invited principally on my account, and
she hoped Miss Hammond would per-
mit me to return with Mrs. Courte-
nay and her.” Miss Hammond po-
litely answered, “ however she should
feel the loss of my society, she could
not

not desire to detain me, after what she had said." So we bid adieu to those amiable girls, and away we drove.

Mr. Wentworth handed us from the coach; he was quite rejoiced to see me. "The house is so dull without you," said he, "there is no enduring it."

You see, my dear, what consequence I am of.

Mr. Wentworth told me at breakfast, he had engaged me for the night.

"Engaged me! reiterated I?"

"Yes, you must know I have bespoke music; and the drawing-room is fitting up to dance in." "Indeed, this is quite a surprise upon me."

"Well,

“ Well, do you agree to take the partner I recommend ?” “ Yes, certainly ; it is indifferent to me whom I dance with.”

“ Ah ! Miss Courtenay, take care of your heart :—he is a fine young fellow, I promise you ; and wears your favorite colour : he has just put on regimentals ;” “ That is no favorite colour of mine—rather the reverse.—I sighed.”

“ Come, come : put on your best looks (not but you are charming at all times) but this evening I have a particular desire you should out-do, if possible, yourself.”

I laughed ; “ then I shall disappoint you, I fear : when peoples expectations are raised too high, they are seldom answered.”

“ Never

“Never fear; I warrant it.”

I must dress;—I have some curiosity to see this redoubtable hero.

[*In Continuation.*]

Well, Lucinda, my curiosity has been gratified—I have seen the gentleman—he is indeed, very handsome; though his person, in my opinion, is his last perfection; he is extremely elegant in his address, and appears highly accomplished; an agreeable sprightliness in his manners renders him very pleasing. On his entrance, after paying his compliments to Mrs. Wentworth and some other ladies he knew, he looked round the room—his eyes rested on your friend. Oh! to be sure, you say, struck no doubt.

No my dear, but as I was the only female present in mourning, he might suppose

suppose I was the person destined to be his partner for the night.

Mr. Wentworth coming in, he went up to him, "Ah, my dear fellow, how do you do—come let me introduce you to Miss Courtenay."

They advanced—I stood up—my face, as I felt, glowing like fire.

"This Sir, is Miss Courtenay; give me leave to present Mr. Grenville to you Miss Helena."

I curtsied, and he sat down by me.

He entered into a very agreeable conversation, asking me several questions respecting America.

I answered his enquiries in the best manner I could. The music soon

summoned us to the drawing-room; at Mr. Wentworth's request, Mr. Grenville and I opened the ball; he dances enchantingly; it was indeed a most delightful evening.

Mr. Grenville has that peculiarly attentive manner, my Lucinda so much admires, without appearing particular; not a look escapes him;—a charming intelligent smile accompanies almost every word he utters, which is rendered more attractive by a dimple in each cheek. He is below—I am sent for down.

This Mr. Grenville is really an amiable man, Lucinda; every time you see him, he appears in a more advantageous light.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Wentworth said, they must make a party

party to shew me the college, the parliament-house, and other places worthy curiosity in Dublin. Mr. Grenville besought leave to attend us, and proposed our beginning to-morrow; this was agreed to with pleasure.

I have a head-ach from dancing so much, I believe; on my mother's observing I looked heavy, I told her my head was not well: Mr. Grenville enquired if I had any *Eau de Luce*; on my answering in the negative, he said it was an excellent remedy; and taking up his hat, went to *Magee's* in College-Green, and was back with a bottle in a few moments.

I was quite confused at this mark of his attention, and apologised for the trouble I had given.

“Dear Miss Courtenay, say nothing about it, I beseech you; if it gives
C 2 you

you any ease, I am rewarded."—He soon after took his leave, hoping I should be better in the morning.

Mr. Wentworth rallied me on the particular behaviour of the young officer:—I could not answer him—my spirits were low, as is always the case, when I have this tormenting head-ach.

I have been rambling all this day; my dear; we had scarce breakfasted, when Mr. Grenville made his appearance—with what a graceful earnestness he enquired after my health.

"I was quite well, I told him."—"Aye," said Mr. Wentworth, "she is ready to fall forth;—come, Mrs. Wentworth, make haste: we will call on Kitty Smith; I told her we would yesterday."

I ran

I ran up stairs for my hat and cloak, and we proceeded to Mrs. Smith's;— the young lady willingly accompanied us. I am prevented pursuing my subject.



Trinity College is a beautiful pile of building. We saw the museum, the library, and the printing-house; they were printing at the time; from thence we went to the chapel, and into the Park, where we walked 'till near our dinner hour.

Miss Smith and Mr. Grenville dined with us; in the evening it was proposed to go to the play. My mother objected to it, fearing so much dissipation would injure my health.

“Helena,” said she smiling, “was brought up with great regularity: she

has not been accustomed to the hurrying life she has led these some months past."—"It may then, indeed, hurt her, madam, said Mr. Grenville; we will postpone going to the play. Miss Courtenay is exceedingly delicate; I think frequent excursions into the country would be useful. What say you, Mrs. Wentworth?"

"I approve of it very much:—" "And I beg leave to second the motion," said Mr. Wentworth, "the sooner we put it into execution, the better. What think you of beginning to-morrow, madam?" to my mother.

"I have not the least objection, Mr. Wentworth." Accordingly the next morning at eight o'clock, we set off; the gentlemen attending us on horseback, and breakfasted at Leixlip, about six miles from town: after
which

which we went to see a Mr. Conolly's seat, not far from this village. Lady Louisa Conolly has established a school for the education of reduced house-keepers children; she bears a very amiable character.

From the house we went to a sweet retreat, called the Cottage—it is romantic to excess. The day was very windy: we had to descend a high hill to the cottage, which is situated in a valley.—A decent elderly woman was very assiduous in shewing us every thing in and about it. I was charmed with the beautiful simplicity with which it was fitted up.

Adjoining the house, there is an enclosure breast-high, covered all over with a net; here are fowl from every part of the world—some of the most beautiful doves I ever saw.—The hospitable

pitable owners, I am told, often retire to this cottage; and laying aside all state, live a few days free from the noise and bustle of the busy world.

Miss Smith was enraptured with it: "Love and a Cottage, I have often heard of," said she, "and upon my word, a man one loved, and such a cottage as this, would be no ineligible plan."

"Oh! you expect too much," said Mr. Wentworth, "too much in all conscience;—the man you love—and such a paradise as this! really, Kitty, you ought to be more moderate in your desires."—This made us all laugh; an humorous dialogue ensued between Mr. Wentworth and Miss Smith, in which she came off conqueror, as she generally does.—We dined at Leixlip, and got home time enough to tea. This

This jaunt reminded me of our American Parties ; my Lucinda's company was wanting, to render her Helena's satisfaction complete.—I expect a letter from you every day ; I begin to be quite impatient.

What a letter have I written ! but a correspondence of this nature, must unavoidably run into length.—I must conclude : I hope you will receive it safe. Adieu ! adieu ! my sweet Lucinda ! Remember me to your Byron, and all my friends in Philadelphia.

Believe me your ever affectionate,

HELENA COURTENAY.

LETTER

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME, TO THE SAME.

Dublin.

I AM very unhappy at not hearing from my Lucinda : the passage of ships is uncertain at this time of the year ;—the delay proceeds not from any thing ailing my Lucinda, or her beloved family, I hope.

Well, my dear, we are engaged in a law-suit after all ; how it will end, is impossible to determine : should we lose our cause, we are utterly ruined. —The anxiety inseparable from such a situation, renders me at times quite dejected ;—my mother keeps up her spirits astonishingly ; the worthy lieutenant is amazingly interested in our affairs : indeed, all our friends endeavour

endeavour to divert our attention from dwelling too much on this circumstance.

We were yesterday at the parliament-house, and saw the house of lords and commons; in the latter, Mr. Grenville put me into the bar, bidding me answer the crime he had to charge me with.

“Guilty, or not guilty?” said he.

“Not guilty, to be sure; but what is my crime?”

“Robbing me of my heart,” with an air half gay, half serious.

I blushed, and attempted to come out.—“So you will not stand your trial? there is no occasion indeed; I have already acquitted you in my own breast,

breast—not of the theft, that stands
confest, but of the intention.”

He had hold of my hand—I made
an effort to withdraw it, but he put
it to his lips.—I was never so much
confused ; I could only say, “ these
were liberties I did not allow.”—He
sighed, and began to apologise, when
we were joined by the rest of the
company. I was rather distant to
him the remainder of the walk : he
spent the day with us—indeed, he
is continually here. His carriage was
so respectful all the evening, I thought
it would appear prudish not to be-
have in my usual manner.

Oh ! my Lucinda, how I wish for
your presence ; I have a hundred
things to say, it is impossible to write
about.

I have

I have had a charming lively letter from Miss D. they have formed a combination amongst them, she says, in favour of my Lord N. and consequently tease her to death.—Happy girl! she writes with amazing vivacity; no wonder every blessing awaits her!

She enclosed a letter from the amiable Anna: Sir Charles has fought a duel: he had some words with an officer of the guards, going into the play-house; he was slightly wounded, but is now perfectly recovered: she concludes, with hoping I will soon return to London.

I had letters also from both my cousins: Mrs. Freeman tells me the colonel has embarked for America; and says a great deal of the dejected way he was in when they parted:—again she gently blames me.—I can-

not help it, Lucinda ; I am every day more and more confirmed, I did no more than justice, in rejecting a man, I am convinced, I could never love. Mr. Freeman and she are preparing to set out for Holland.

Julia writes my uncle is very ill ; the doctors pronounce his disorder a dropsy—I sincerely hope nothing will happen him ; he is a worthy man.—Every thing else, she says, is as usual.

How many alterations do a few weeks produce ! Mr. Grenville will soon join his regiment—it is in the West-Indies ; —that dreadful place, which has been so fatal to us.

What a pity, my Lucinda, so fine a young man should be sent to fall a sacrifice, perhaps, to the unhealthiness of such a climate ! I often think as
I look

I look at him, and sigh at the recollection of what it has cost us. He has lost his lively spirits, and is now as grave as myself; still, however, infinitely entertaining:—he has a softness in his voice and manner, when he addresses me, that proves he feels for my situation.

Oh! that we were out of suspense—I am quite impatient lately—I do not know what I would have—fretful and repining!

My mother, when we were alone last night, took notice of the alteration in my temper.—“What ails you, Helena,” said she, looking tenderly at me: “I hope my child is not ill;—you have lost all relish for your former amusements—you wish to be continually by yourself: tell me, if you have any complaint? I will have instant advice.”

“ I said I was very well—I could not account for my dejection; I supposed it was owing to our situation.” —“ Our situation,” replied she, “ is not worse than it has been, and will soon, I hope, be better. Let me entreat you, Helena, to resume your cheerfulness—you owe it to me, my dear—I have many struggles.” I promised to do so; requesting her to pardon me making her uneasy:—tears starting into my eyes, she embraced me, and said, “ she was not displeased. But once more, Helena, let me beg you to be cheerful.”

Hard task, my Lucinda, when the heart is heavy! Sure I never thought my mother's commands a hardship before.

Mr. Grenville has not been here these two days; I suppose he is tired
of

of coming—with all my heart: certainly, his coming or staying is nothing to me:—it appears odd, after being so constant a visitor—it shews a capriciousness of disposition, I did not think him capable of;—I am hurt in being deceived in a character I thought so perfect.

I hear a rap at the door—it is he; I will not go down except I am sent for—no indeed—why should I?—I am summoned. I believe I looked very cool on him at my entrance; for he said—“I hope nothing is the matter with Miss Courtenay.”—“No, I thank you, sir.”

He appeared hurt at my manner, and was silent a few moments; then turning to Mrs. Wentworth and my mother, “I have rode twenty miles to-day, ladies; my impatience to pay

my respects, would not permit me to allow myself time to change my drefs."

"We were ignorant of your being out of town, Mr. Grenville," said Mrs. Wentworth; "what occasioned your leaving it in such a hurry?"

"I heard my brother was ill, madam, and to relieve my mother's anxiety, I sat off for his seat yesterday morning: I found him in perfect health—he was astonished at the report—some mistake, I imagine, for the gentleman that told it is a man of veracity. My brother wanted me to remain with him a few weeks; I excused myself—I have business that renders my presence indispensable in Dublin:—I left his house this morning."

So,

So, you see, Lucinda, I blamed him without cause. How foolish I felt myself for my ridiculous behaviour. What business had I to be offended with him?—abashed and angry with myself, I could scarce meet his eye—what his thoughts were, I do not know—my own were sufficiently humiliating :—he appeared as unhappy as myself.

Mr. Wentworth came in—" what, Grenville, where have you been these two days ?"—He told him.

" Upon my word, you made quick work of it : I thought something extraordinary was in the wind, or we should not be two days without seeing you : however, I am glad you are returned—I want your assistance to persuade the ladies to a party—I have projected to the Hill of Hoath."

My

My mother objected to the coldness of the weather. "Dear madam," said Mr. Grenville, "do consent; the ride will be of service to you:—Miss Courtenay, join your solicitations to mine—I hope you do not think it too cold."

"No," said my mother, "Helena used to ride out in America, in all weathers."

"Is Miss Courtenay fond of riding madam? I can procure her a pretty horse, whenever she wishes to take that exercise."

I thanked him, and said, "I should be glad to avail myself of his offer."

He was pleased at my accepting it, and his vivacity returned. He staid supper—

supper—our excursion to the Hill of Hoath, is fixed for to-morrow.



Your dear letter has this moment saluted my hands:—and are the nuptials of my Lucinda celebrated?—all happiness attend you, my lovely friend, and your worthy amiable Byron: with such a man, there is no doubt of your felicity—may the most perfect be your lot. Sweet girl! how invaluable to my heart is your friendship! Yes, I am certain my Lucinda will be the same in all situations—will always continue to her poor Helena, an affection, death only, on her side, can dissolve.

My mother is quite rejoiced at the intelligence. Say to your Lucinda, my Helena, I felicitate her on her bright prospects—may they always remain

remain as unclouded! A tear started in her eye.—Oh! my dearest friend, how were we all affected at your distressing narrative of the sufferings of Mr. C. and his unhappy family. Sweet lovely Agnes! may peace be restored to your bosom! An unexpected opportunity has offered of sending this: a gentleman of Mr. Wentworth's acquaintance is setting off for New-York. I must conclude here;—love and compliments without measure,

From your ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.

LETTER

L E T T E R I I I.

MRS. BYRON TO MISS HELENA COURTENAY.

Philadelphia.

MY sweet friend's letter, informing me of her safe arrival in Ireland, is just put into my hands;—well my dear, your Lucinda is degenerated into a down-right wife; degenerated I call it, though the good folks here, are charmed with my behaviour;—Byron is enraptured:—nothing like surprising people: seriously, Helena, I am completely satisfied with my lot. Mr. Byron's continual study is, to make me happy; I must be indeed ungrateful, did I not return his affection. I have been so taken up with the ceremony of receiving and returning visits, I have not had a moment to myself this age; thank Heaven, the
bustle

bustle is over, and I am left to spend my time my own way, and can dedicate so much of it to a friend I so dearly love. Agnes and her father are gone;—the dear girl seemed more resigned to her lot than I expected.—So you fancy you'll like Dublin; my father says, it is a most agreeable place; I love Miss Hammond for her discernment—I am very sudden myself in my attachments:—above all, I am charmed with your description of the old officer—the young one too. Oh! you have no hand at descriptions—no, to be sure. Take care, Helena; Mr. Grenville seems a great favourite.—Now, indeed, is my lively imagination ready to run away with me;—I must indulge it.

Well then, Helena, these irresistible smiles, aided by those captivating dimples, will, I fear (to speak in the
military

military-phrazeology) sap the foundation of your freedom. These gentle lovers (for such I have set him down) who make their approaches in this soft timid manner, are more to be dreaded than your hardy ones, that come to the point at once, and think to take your heart by storm; for those one is prepared; but the former, not suspecting their intentions, gain upon you by degrees; until at last the poor innocent damsel, who thought she was only indulging herself in a pleasing friendship, finds herself over head and ears in love.

Take care of your heart then (as Mr. Wentworth says) if the warning comes not too late. Excuse, my Helena, this seeming levity; I fear, indeed I do, you feel something more than a bare admiration of Mr. Grenville's perfections: but why do I say I fear?

he must be sensible of my Helena's many virtues---it would surprise me was he not. I am acquainted with your discernment---he must be worthy, if you praise him. Examine your heart, my sweet girl;---if it is so, I will spare my raillery. Why should you be ashamed to own an attachment to an amiable man?

Draw his picture for me in your next letter ;---you say he is handsome ; I want to know the particular sort of beauty :---like many of my sex, I have an insatiable curiosity.

My father is taken very ill ;---good God ! I must fly to him.

[*In Continuation.*]

After an interval of six weeks, I again take up a pen :---my father has had a violent fit of the gout ; it attacked

tacked him in his head and stomach : we were dreadfully alarmed : it has at length taken up it's quarters in the old station, his feet. He is yet very bad, though we hope out of danger : I am his constant attendant, you know, on these occasions :---he begins to be as peevish as usual, from which I form great expectations.----Where is my Lucinda ? if I am a moment from his sight. I hasten to my nursery.

Well, my dear, my father is once more on his feet ; his troublesome companion has forsaken him for this time. I am returned home, and have again commenced housekeeper. I have sent Byron out, as I want to finish my letter---I judge of your anxiety by my own.

I hear Byron's voice---I declare he is coming up : now will I be angry

with him for disobeying my commands. He entered with his usual haste---approaching me with a smile, " my dear Lucinda."

" Go down stairs, Mr. Byron," interrupting him, " I will not have my retirement invaded in this manner :--- you know I wish to dispatch my letter to my Helena."

" Pardon me, my love (still smiling) I have something to tell you. But, Lucinda, have I offended past forgiveness ? Come, one smile for my intelligence, and I am gone."

" Pshaw! some nonsense, I'll lay my life :---how can you be so teasing---you see I am busy."----" Aye, so I perceive---it is not in my power to induce you to leave that agreeable employment, I suppose."---" Not at present,

present, indeed : really, Byron, you are very tormenting.”—“Come, do not be displeased in earnest—I find I must produce my credentials. See, my Lucinda (pulling your letter out of his pocket) will not this entitle me to my sovereign lady’s forgiveness, for presuming to break in on her solitude?”—“Give it me, give it me, dear Byron ; I forgive you—indeed I do. How could you keep it from me so long?”

He laughed, and saluting me, said, “I am half-jealous of Miss Courtenay,—she possesses more of your heart than I do.

My impatience to read your letter was so great, I did not attend to him.

But, my sweet Helena, if from your first letter I suspected your partiality in Mr. Grenville’s favour, I am now

convinced—yes, Helena, convinced—you love him my dear, be assured : do not let this explicitness alarm your delicacy—it would be acting contrary to the friendship that subsists between us, was I to conceal my thoughts.— I can tell you another thing;—by what I can learn from your letter, he is as much enamoured with you :— God grant you meet with no disappointment in what so nearly concerns your happiness. Your felicity, my dear Helena, is the first wish of my heart.

I am concerned you must have recourse to law, to oblige the wretch who has your money in possession to do you justice. What villainy—what shocking villainy, is practised against the weak—the unprotected in this world ! What must be their portion at the time of retribution—and that such
a time

a time will one day arrive, the most hardened in crimes cannot deny.

I shall be impatient for your next letters—we go in a few weeks to Mr. Byron's country seat, near Burlington: my father and mother, and the children accompany us. Jane has grown surprisingly since you left this; and your favourite Louisa, is a great girl; James too is a fine boy, but as much spoiled as ever.

Oh! Helena, what would I give to have you settled by me, with your Grenville, and your excellent mother?—such happiness, I fear, is not reserved for your Lucinda;—our felicity, however exalted, is yet human; and as such, never without an alloy.

Farewel, my dear friend; love and compliments from all here, attend you.

Be

Be as particular as usual, I beseech you, to gratify the anxious heart of your

LUCINDA BYRON.



L E T T E R IV.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MRS. BYRON.

Dublin.

I CANNOT express my uneasiness at not hearing from you, dearest Lucinda; the communication, I suppose, is cut off—Major B. cannot convey my letters—if so, I am wretched indeed! no more must I hope to pour out my soul on paper, to the friend of my heart! no more receive proofs of the endearing—the consoling affection, that amiable friend honours me with! I cannot bear the thought! —but no, I will wait a little longer, before

before I form a conclusion so shocking to my feelings : I must---I will hope : I am mistaken in my supposition.

Our suit is going on---we are still in suspense respecting it. To fly from two subjects so distressing, I will proceed from where I left off in my last.

We spent an agreeable day at the Hill of Hoath ; it was remarkably warm for the season.

While dinner was preparing, we walked all over the Hill ;---Mr. Grenville in high spirits, and very entertaining of course ;---he is indeed the life of every party---extracting instruction or amusement from every object : he can be alternately gay, or serious---all he utters pleases, as much on reflection, as at the time his sentiments (noble in themselves) are delivered,

vered, in the most elegant language; ---a happy flow of expression, that seems peculiar to himself: indeed it is impossible to do him justice in the repetition.

I ride out two or three times a week with Miss Smith; Mr. Grenville, and Mr. Wentworth attend us. I yesterday called on Miss Hammond ---she wanted to keep me, for a few days at least, she said.

Mr. Wentworth laughing, told her, "he could not consent to that; for if he went home without me, Mrs. Courtenay would certainly think I had been run away with on the road."

As she attended us to the door, she whisperingly asked me "who that pretty young officer was?" I told her. "An admirer, I suppose." --- "No indeed."

"Oh!

Oh! to be sure; well, do not blush---
I like your taste."

More people, my Lucinda, have that notion in their heads—I cannot think what they surmise it from: he is attentive to me certainly, but not more so than to other ladies in company: if one appears sometimes in public with a young gentleman, he is immediately set down for a lover;—this proceeding (as in the present case) is often very erroneous. The generality of the world, do not stop to consider the probability of a report—they hurry with avidity to propagate it, careless of the pain it may occasion those concerned in it—it is sufficient they have heard it, and do not allow themselves time to examine its truth: innumerable instances have confirmed this observation.

Mr. Gren-

Mr. Grenville is a younger son ; your Helena, will have little, perhaps no fortune ; indeed, it would be an improper connexion on both sides—it would be madness even to think of it, supposing he beheld your Helena with favourable eyes ; but whither has this subject led me—it is time to change it.

I have had another letter from Julia—my uncle is very bad—they fear he cannot hold it much longer. Oh ! my Lucinda, my amiable friend, what a poor, what a transitory life is this ; how are we obliged to struggle with the various ills incident to human nature, and yet, how loth to resign it ; we complain of the severity of our lot ;—but how few, how very few are willing to receive a summons we sooner or later must undoubtedly obey.

I am

I am going to Miss Hammond's for a week; she has sent the carriage for me: it waits.

[*In Continuation.*]

I am returned once more—my mother cannot bear my absence: the last week has appeared a month in her computation, she says. What a happy girl am I—possessed of such an excellent mother. Fie on me; how can I be so repining.

Mr. Grenville was here when I arrived—he flew to hand me from the carriage—his amiable countenance glowing with pleasure: he led me into the house, and presenting me to my mother, said, “Here madam, is the dear truant; now we have her again, let us endeavour to keep her—an interruption.

I have just received your letter. Oh! Lucinda, cruel Lucinda! why have you withdrawn the veil from my eyes! my wretched situation appears in the most glaring colours:—yes, wretched---what but distress can follow! Oh! my dearest friend, teach me, if possible, to subdue this fatal partiality! and for a man, who, perhaps regards me with indifference! foolish, foolish Helena! I feared to examine my heart this some time—sure sign all was not well: I flattered myself it was no more than esteem for a man, of whose worth I hear daily instances.

“I need not blush,” you say. Oh! Lucinda, I thought too highly of my own prudence: I am sufficiently humbled: how shall I look my dear mother in the face, after suffering my affections to be engaged in so
unwar-

unwarrantable a manner!—I am indeed, marked out for misfortunes—peace has fled my bosom—oh! when will it revisit me! when shall I experience it's balmy influence!—never, never!—Pity, my Lucinda,—oh! pity your distressed Helena.

We go this evening to Ranelagh: I wanted to be excused—they would not go without me. Mrs. Wentworth has taken it into her head I am low-spirited, and formed the party entirely for my amusement:—amusement! my Lucinda!—little does she know the situation of my mind admits not of amusement. Conscious as I am, how shall I meet his eye?

On entering the parlour, Mr. Grenville advanced to meet me with his usual alacrity. To his enquiries, I answered in a low voice, without look-

ing at him—the subject I had just quitted, had sunk my spirits to the lowest ebb.

“What is the matter, my dear Miss Courtenay? you are not well, I fear—tell me I beseech you,”—tenderly taking my hand. I drew it hastily away: “Nothing is the matter, sir,”—(with difficulty, suppressing a sigh.)

My mother and Mrs. Wentworth appearing, he had not time to say more: glancing my eye towards him, I perceived in his countenance a surprise, mixed with a melancholy, that almost overset my resolves; which were, to banish him from my thoughts, if possible.

Mrs. Wentworth spoke to him twice before he attended to her:—starting, and recollecting himself, he apologised

apologised for his absence ; and handed her and my mother to the carriage : —as he put me in, he said “ I have been so unhappy as to offend you ; though how I know not.”

He was seated opposite me—I scarce dared to lift up my eyes ; when I did, I found his fixed on my face with such tender expression, I would have given the world to have been a thousand miles off.

To my great relief, we at last arrived at Ranelagh ; I tried to avoid him, by keeping close to Mrs. Wentworth or my mother :—he perceived my wish, and at length forbore to seek an opportunity to speak to me, which at first he seemed to desire. When we got home, he bid us good-night, without entering the house ; a circumstance so unusual, Mrs. Went-

worth could not help expressing her surprise at it. "He must be ill: do not you think so, Helena?—he has been remarkably dull all the evening." I made a slight answer, and hurrying to my chamber, gave way to a violent burst of grief: for, oh! my Lucinda (let me confess my weakness) I could not bear this alteration in his behaviour, though the consequence of my own. I tried to reason myself into composure, by endeavouring to be convinced it was best—it should be so: but I wanted fortitude to support as I ought, his coolness.

I dried my eyes as well as I could, before I attended the summons to supper; I was forced to feign a head-ach, to account for my visible dejection. The pain, my Lucinda, was not in my head.

My

My mother looked earnestly at me, but was silent: how it hurts me to be guilty of such duplicity to my amiable parent!

Mr. Grenville has not been here this morning—so much the better:—weak creature as I am—my tears blot the paper as I write.

My mother is gone to lieutenant Jamefon's—Mrs. Wentworth too, is out: I have sufficient leisure therefore to indulge my melancholy reflections.

Mr. Grenville is below;—he has sent up to request my company for ten minutes, he says:—I must go down, if my trembling limbs will permit me. Oh! that my mother, or Mrs. Wentworth were at home.

I pro-

I proceed to acquaint my Lucinda, with the result of Mr. Grenville's visit:—On entering the parlour, he paid his respects in a polite, though distant manner—he looked pale.

After we were seated, he was silent a few moments, apparently buried in thought:—I felt my colour come and go; and my heart throbbed as if it would have burst its prison. At last, in a grave voice, he said, “I have a request to make, Miss Courtenay, may I hope you will grant it with your usual goodness. Will you condescend to inform me how I have offended? since the alteration in your behaviour, I have been miserable.”

I felt very foolish—with a hesitating voice, I said, “he had not offended me—he had done nothing—I could not account.”

He

He interrupted me—"I find, Miss Courtenay—I find I can not bear your coolness—I can no longer disguise my feelings—I love you to distraction. Yes, charming girl (dropping on his knee) I repeat I love you beyond all bounds!—think then, if this alteration in your manner, must not shock me."

This unexpected declaration confounded me—I trembled excessively; and in a broken voice, entreated him to rise—I attempted to withdraw.—“Do not detain me, Mr. Grenville; I cannot listen to you—I must not.”

“And why not hear me, cruel girl? why not allow me the poor satisfaction of declaring my passion? But go, complete your barbarity:—leave me, Miss Courtenay, since I am become so detestable in your eyes.”

My

My heart was softened—I could not stir was I to have got millions—a sickness came over me, and obliged me to sit down.

He was alarmed (seeing me turn pale, I suppose) and flew to support me. When I recovered, I arose and went towards the door—he threw himself between me and it. In short, Lucinda, he perceived his advantage, and would not let me leave him, 'till he had drawn from me a reluctant confession, that he was not indifferent to me. I then insisted upon retiring, which he at length permitted, after pouring out his gratitude for my condescension, as he called it.

I returned to my room, in a situation of mind not to be described ;—I was angry with myself for letting him see my partiality in his favour, as
it

it is impossible we can ever be united ; and yet I was happier than before this interview :—strange contradictory feelings ! In this way I continued, when I was summoned to dinner.

My mother was in good spirits—her lawyer had given her hopes of her suit coming to a speedy termination.

Mr. Grenville was with us in the evening : he found an opportunity to renew the subject of the morning, while my mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, with their brother, were at cards.

He tenderly enquired the cause of my melancholy :—" my sweet Helena does not repent her goodness to me, I hope—speak, my angel : tell me, what is the occasion of your dejection ?"

I said,

I said, "the prospect before me was cause sufficient:—indeed, Mr. Grenville, I see no end to the troubles that must unavoidably follow our being connected—we must think no more of each other."

He interrupted me. "It may be in your power to do so, Miss Courtenay; you can reason very coolly on the subject:—I flattered myself you could not so easily banish me from your thoughts; I find I was mistaken, and justly suffer for my presumption."

Tears started into his eyes—I was affected. "Your reproaches are unmeritted, Mr. Grenville:—perhaps, (blushing) it will be more difficult not to think of you, than you imagine."

"Why then, my beloved Helena, will you torture me with such expressions?"

sions ? I beseech you, if you would not drive me to madness, do not talk of parting : the bare idea, to one that loves with the fervency I do, is worse than death :—we do not want riches to make us happy—possessed of you, I care not what is my situation : a moderate competency will, I know, satisfy my Helena—I have a prospect of soon obtaining a lieutenancy—my mother loves me preferably to all her children—she will doat on my angel ; she has a large jointure, and I am certain would not see us distressed. Dear creature, do not damp my hopes ; you will find every thing turn out well. Permit me to acquaint Mrs. Courtenay with my passion : she will not, I hope, refuse her sanction.”

I was silent, though not convinced. I could not find in my heart to check his expectations : and he went on as-

furing himself and me, every thing would fall out as he had planned---because he wished it to be so. I could not refrain smiling at his schemes, and in spite of my judgment, that flatterer, hope, gained admission in my bosom.

Mr. Grenville was delighted to see my returning spirits ; and testified his rapture by the most endearing expressions. He staid with us to a late hour, and then took a reluctant leave.

You desire me to draw his picture : this is a hard task, if I do him justice : I fear you will think me a love-sick-girl---but your wishes are commands to me. I will endeavour to obey.

Mr. Grenville is universally allowed to be strikingly handsome ; he is rather

ther above the middle-size; well proportioned; rather slender, and very fair. He has indeed, the whitest forehead I ever saw; a beautiful glowing complexion; large blue eyes, and a vast quantity of very light brown hair: his mouth is rather wide; but this defect, if it can be called one, is sufficiently compensated by a lovely set of teeth, and a smile full of inexpressible sweetness; but his manner is so attentive, so winning, so gracefully polite, it would make even ugliness agreeable. You have often heard me observe, Lucinda, an handsome person is the last thing I should look for in a husband: had Mr. Grenville but that to boast of, he would be beheld by me with the greatest indifference; but I am continually hearing instances of his amiable disposition---his dutiful affectionate behaviour to his mother and sisters.

Mrs. Grenville was left a widow extremely young; she is now a fine looking woman; she has two daughters, both reckoned pretty, particularly the youngest, who strongly resembles Mr. Grenville. His eldest brother is possessed of an estate of fifteen hundred a year, exclusive of his mother's jointure, which is eight hundred: the three younger childrens fortunes is only a thousand pounds a piece.

The eldest Mr. Grenville is, by what I can learn, of a very unaimable character; he generally resides in the country, where he keeps a mistress; this entirely excludes his mother and sisters from his house. He has several children by this woman; and has, it seems, a strong aversion to marriage. Poor man, the name of freedom, it appears, is all he values; for I am told he is quite a slave to the caprices

ces of this mistress. There is no great prospect for your Helena, you will say, if she enters this family. I am sent for down—two strange ladies in the parlour.



[*In Continuation.*]

What a surprise, my Lucinda ; it was Mr. Grenville's mother and sister; yes indeed !

On my entering, the ladies arose ; the elder advanced to me, and taking my hand, said, " The amiable character I have heard of Mrs. and Miss Courtenay, has made me ambitious of the pleasure of their acquaintance :—my name is Grenville ; excuse, dear Miss Courtenay, this abrupt visit."

I was so confused, I could scarce return a proper answer to her compliment.

pliment. She then introduced her daughter to me; a sweet looking girl.

I apologised for the absence of my mother—she was out. I tried to appear as unconscious as I could, and to support my share in a very agreeable conversation. Mrs. Grenville is indeed, a charming woman. I am not at a loss to account for the graces of her son. No wonder he should be a favourite—so similar in manners to her own.

When they arose to go, Mrs. Grenville said, “We stole this visit unknown to my son, who has the honour of your acquaintance; had we told him, he would gladly have accompanied us.”

She looked earnestly at me while she spoke; I felt my neck and face glow like fire; and stammered out
my

my thanks for the pleasure they gave me.

“ Prove to me you think so,” said she smiling, “ by quickly returning our visit.”

I promised I would;—charming girl, she called me, and away they drove—not displeased, I imagine, with your Helena. I must conclude here for the present ; I go to the play this evening.



I am not in such spirits as when I wrote last ; what a chequered life is mine ! but to proceed regularly :—I told my mother when she returned, the visitors I had : she was pleased, and said, “ My dear Helena must cultivate the acquaintance of such amiable people.”

The

The next evening we went to Ranelagh, Mr. Grenville took an opportunity to inform my mother of his passion for me; "he entreated she would allow him to hope for her concurrence."

My dear mother answered, "She could have no objection to him for a son, provided his family approved of it. Helena, continued she, will not perhaps, have any fortune—your's is small. How are you to live?"

He answered, "His mother, he was certain, would do all in her power to assist us, 'till he was promoted in the army, and enabled to provide for me himself."

"Ah! Mr. Grenville, you talk like a young man entirely unacquainted with the world. Your brother, I suppose,

pose,

pose (for you have not mentioned him) would not be pleased with the union; and could I let my darling child enter a family, except I was assured of her being acceptable to every branch of it—the more especially, as she may be obliged to depend on them for support? You know our situation—should my law-suit terminate in my favour, I will not hesitate a moment making you happy, as I am assured it would make her so too. You are much too amiable for my Helena, to behold you with indifference; besides, you must soon join your regiment, and how could I think of parting with my dear girl? You are both extremely young; it will be time enough to marry three or four years hence; by that time you will be enabled to judge how you can live.”

“ Good

“ Good God ! madam, interrupting her, how you talk ! three or four years ! to wait three or four years, do you say ! Dear Mrs. Courtenay, do not exact such a hardship from me : I will sell out, before I will part from my Helena for such a length of time, —life without her, is not worth preserving !”

My mother smiled at his impetuosity. “ I have no doubt, Mr. Grenville, of your affection for my daughter : your looks, your every action testifies it : but is that a reason you should wish to render her miserable ?”

“ Miserable ! Heavens, madam ! how can you suppose such a thing ? I would purchase her happiness at the expence of my life—I would freely !”

“ Hear me, dear Grenville—your own mother would argue as I do :—
you

you must moderate your impatience : be assured, I know not the man I would wish united to Helena, in preference to yourself;—a short time perhaps, may render every thing easy.”

My mother was prevented saying more, and Mr. Grenville joined me : he looked dejected—he sighed ; I could not help being solicitous to be acquainted with the cause.

“ Oh ! my lovely Helena,” said he, “ I am wretched ! your mother —

“ What of my mother ?” interrupting him. “ She is averse, I suppose.”

“ She talks of waiting three or four years—of joining my regiment.—He then related the conversation.”

I was happily relieved by this explanation, and endeavoured to convince him of the justness of my mother's

ther's reasoning, but it was impossible; he even accused me of indifference for attempting it:—our party appearing, I was silent. He snatched my hand, "Forgive me angelic creature! I am distracted with my apprehensions, and know not what I say: but you are not—I see you are not displeased. Teach me, oh! teach me some of your heavenly resignation! I cannot blame Mrs. Courtenay, for being careful of so precious a charge:—this detestable money! I never regretted the want of fortune, 'till I saw my Helena. You weep, my love; do not, I beseech you: how precious are your tears! dear angel, be comforted.

I dried my eyes—I was ashamed of my weakness: yet, how can I call it a weakness—to be grieved at the idea of parting with so amiable a man?

Mr. Went-

Mr. Wentworth and the rest of the company joining us, I assumed as chearful an air as I could; the evening passed heavily away, though I had the presence of the only man I ever beheld with a preference. Yes, Lucinda, Mr. Grenville is worthy the esteem—the love of any woman: but the difficulties we had to contend with, filled my bosom with a thousand apprehensions, that totally precluded all idea of amusement.

When we retired for the night, my dear mother with the utmost tenderness, entered upon the subject. She recapitulated all that had passed between her and Mr. Grenville; expatiated on the madness of a precipitate union, and the distress that unavoidably must follow.

Conflicting emotions kept me silent. She clasped me in her arms; called me

only remaining comfort of her life, and tried to sooth me into tranquility, by promising nothing should be wanting in her power to render me happy.

When utterance was allowed me, I poured out my thanks for her maternal goodness; promising to be entirely guided by her, not only in this, but in every occurrence of my life.

As I listened to her affectionate reasoning, insensibly I grew composed—hope, with its vivifying influence once more appeared, and chased the monster despondency from my bosom. My dearest mother approved of the man of my choice—this reflection made me retire to rest, in a happier frame of mind, than I had experienced for some time.

The

The next day, I went to pay my compliments to Mrs. Grenville; that amiable woman received me with a distinction, that evinced she thought me worthy her regard. Flattering distinction! flattering indeed! Oh! Lucinda, she is the mother of my Grenville!

I was introduced to Miss Grenville; she is not as pleasing as her sister: Mr. Grenville was out; he came home while I was there: his eyes sparkled when he saw me, and at the visible partiality shewn me by his mother. She pressed me to pass the day with them; I excused myself, pleading an engagement—promising soon to do so. Miss Jemima and her brother attended me to the door; the latter, as he put me in the chair, pressed my hand, and whispered, “My adorable Helena! how sure was I of my mother’s ap-
H 2 probation:

probation:—impossible it should be otherwise. All must confess the perfections of my charmer!”

In a few days after, a card came from Mrs. Grenville, for my mother and I to spend the next day with them; we went:—after dinner, when we retired to the drawing-room, Grenville drew his sister Jemima and me to the window, taking a hand of each, he put them together, pressing them both in his; “Let me have the pleasure,” said he, “to behold a friendship commence between my lovely Helena, and my dearest Jemima—regard her, my sister, as the beloved of your brother’s heart: and do you, my sweet girl, favour my Jemima with a share in your affections.”

I blushed at this unexpected action, and said, “If his sister would allow
me

me to aspire to her friendship, I would endeavour to render myself worthy of it."

The dear girl made a most flattering reply; adding with a smile, "I accept with pleasure your offered friendship; I hope it will one day be cemented by your union with my brother, that I may add the name of sister to that of friend."

I was inexpressibly confused by this address—Grenville was enraptured.

"Dear Jemima, how you charm me! my amiable sister, I knew you would see my Helena, with your brother's eyes:—my mother too approves:—Mrs. Courtenay does not prohibit my addressee to her charming daughter—every thing will turn out to our wishes—and I shall soon have the unuttera-

ble happiness of calling my Helena mine!"

His face glowed with an uncommon animation, while his fine intelligent eyes were fixed on mine with so much expression—the beauty of his whole appearance was such, it is impossible to be described.

Miss Grenville joining us, said, "Will you admit me one of your party (with a satirical smile.) Was it a duet, I would not pretend to interrupt it; but a trio is generally reckoned insipid."

"There are exceptions, sister," said Miss Jemima, "as the present is an instance in point; though certainly your company is an addition to our happiness."

Oh!

“ Oh ! your servant, Miss Jemima ; you think as you speak, no doubt.— What do you say, Edward ? you are prodigiously pleased with my company, are you not ? ”

“ I wish my sisters,” said he gravely, “ would always permit me to be pleased with them.”

The entrance of some ladies that came to tea, prevented the continuance of this conversation. I was not sorry for this interruption ;—I do not like Miss Grenville, Lucinda ; she is very polite to me ; but yet there is something in her manner not to be defined, that is displeasing :—she wants that delicacy so attracting in a female, which her sister so eminently possesses.

Mr. Grenville attended us home ; he was in high spirits. Oh ! my dear friend,

friend, every hour, more and more convinces me of his worth ;—the most dutiful of sons—the most affectionate of brothers. What a prospect for the woman, who will have the happiness of being united to him in the most endearing of all unions ;—that woman, I fear, will never be your Helena !—When I wish to consider him in that light, something checks me—such superlative felicity is not in store for me ! Bear with me, my beloved Lucinda ; to whom can I impart my apprehensions, if not to you ? My mother is indeed, the most indulgent of parents ; but yet I could not declare my weakness with such freedom, as I do to you. As I have an opportunity to send this letter, I must here conclude. You, my dearest Lucinda, will participate in all my anxiety—occasioned by the vicissitudes of my eventful life. I am impatient to hear
from

from you. I need not say how much
I am,

Your ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.



LETTER V.

FROM THE SAME, TO THE SAME.

Dublin.

YES, my dear girl, your Helena's
fortitude will now be put to the test :
Mr. Grenville has received a sum-
mons from his colonel to join the re-
giment with the utmost dispatch. He
came instantly hither—I was alarmed
at the alteration in his looks,—pale
and dejected, he sat down by me ;—
fortunately, I was alone. His ap-
pearance shocked me so much, I could
not

not ask the cause. He surveyed me in mournful silence for some time—tears trembling in his manly eye. He drew a letter from his pocket, and put it into my hand;—I could scarce hold it to inform myself of the horrid contents, though I expected it—the certainty of his departure was too much for my weak spirits (already inconceivably agitated) to encounter. Had not a friendly gush of tears come most seasonably to my relief, I believe I should have fainted. I never was so odly affected; something rose to my throat, that oppressed me almost to choaking.

Grenville was frightened at the violence of my grief; he caught me in his arms, and endeavoured to sooth me. Abashed—confused at betraying so much emotion, I withdrew myself from him—he perceived it.

“ Do

“ Do not, my Helena, my only love, do not deprive me of this comfort—the knowledge of your affection. Why wish to hide from me, that you participate in my distress? Oh! my dearest angel, the time long dreaded, is now at hand;—I feel myself unequal to the contest between my love and duty:—there is but one way to reconcile them. If my Helena and her mother refuse to listen to it, what will become of your Grenville? You are silent, my love—I will mention my proposal:—Let us be united before I embark.—Hear me, dearest creature! (for I was interrupting him) my mother admires you above all human beings; she will, I am sure, consent to this measure, to ensure the happiness of her son. If we can prevail with Mrs. Courtenay, the ceremony may be performed with the utmost secrecy, if you wish it so.

“ How

“How can you suppose, Mr. Grenville, my mother will consent to so strange a proposal in the present posture of affairs? indeed, it would be madness. Let me beg you to make yourself easy in the assurance, that time cannot effect any alteration in my sentiments. We must endeavour to support the separation with a becoming fortitude.””

“Impossible! impossible, my dearest love; I cannot go, except I am assured nothing but death can deprive me of you. Join with me to persuade your mother—mine I know, will not object. I will then set off with alacrity for St. Vincents, and either prepare for your reception there, or settle matters so as to fell out, as soon as my honour will permit. We can retire to some cheap part of Ireland—a little will suffice, where there
is

is an unbounded affection. Your dear mother will live with us—mine will assist us to the utmost of her power; and if a love next to adoration—a continual study to render you happy, will compensate for the deficiency of fortune—what will be wanting to ensure my charmer's felicity?"

Would you believe it, Lucinda, my heart assented to every word he uttered; I painted to myself the happiness I should experience, in being for ever united to the man I loved; but when I recollected myself, the airy vision my fancy had been busily employed in, soon vanished from my view.

"I have considered, Mr. Grenville," said I, "of all you have said, as well as my scattered thoughts will permit; I fear it is a romantic scheme, and what our parents will never con-

sent to. You wish to ensure me your's—will it content you to assure you, I never will be another's. Time or absence, I have told you, can make no alteration in my sentiments; could it, I am unworthy of being your wife. I repeat, I never will be another's; do not then, I conjure you, distress me by requiring what I never can grant."

"My dearest Helena, only suffer me to propose it to our mothers—let us hear their opinion; should it be in my favour, you will not, I hope, object to it. Blest as my sweet Helena has made me, in the assurance of her unalterable affection, I cannot forego my favourite wish, if it is possible to effect it." I desisted arguing the matter with him—indeed I was unequal to the task.

He remained with me 'till near dinner time, and departed much more chearful than he entered. My

My mother was out, as she is almost every morning, in consultation with her lawyer, at lieutenant Jameson's, who is indefatigable in our service. She observed my eyes were red, and enquired the reason.

I mentioned Mr. Grenville's orders to join his regiment. She appeared struck, and after a pause, said, "This is sudden indeed, though it was expected. My child, my dear Helena, endeavour to support it with resolution! hard, I own, is the task. Would to heaven it was in my power to spare my darling this trial—how gladly would I do it."

I wept—she joined her tears with mine—wiping her eyes, she continued, "It is blameable to give way to this grief—I only weaken you, my dear—we could not be more afflicted

were the separation for ever;—Grenville will soon return—you are both too young to marry—a short absence will only enhance the value of your future felicity. Be composed then, my Helena;—perfect happiness, as I have often observed to you, is not to be found in this life.”

Mrs. Wentworth came in; she was surprised at our distress; my mother acquainted her with the cause—she sincerely participated in our concern; she greatly admires Mr. Grenville, as who does not, who is acquainted with his many amiable qualifications.

I have wrote thus far since dinner; while I was so employed, my thoughts were prevented from dwelling too intensely on my situation; they now return with accumulated strength, to a subject so nearly connected

ned with my future peace. I expect Mr. Grenville every instant;—what will his mother say—but what can she say, but to describe the impracticability of complying with so romantic a proposition. I must lay aside my pen—my hand trembles, so I cannot proceed—this suspense will soon be over. Oh! my Lucinda, why is your Helena called upon to sustain a part she is so unequal to?

[*In Continuation.*]

Well, my dear Lucinda, I have surprising things to tell you; Mrs. Grenville and my mother have consented; they have indeed—but you shall hear.

Mr. Grenville came before we had done tea; his face animated with a pleasure he could not conceal. I was surprised at the alteration—my looks
I 3 expressed.

expressed as much I suppose; for he seated himself by me, and told me in a low voice, he had obtained his mother's consent.

"Your mother's consent!" repeated I with astonishment. "Yes, my dearest love, I have indeed;—she will wait on Mrs. Courtenay to-morrow to plead in my behalf."

"Good heaven, Mr. Grenville, how can you wish to precipitate matters thus!—your mother, I am certain does not approve of it—you have teased her into compliance."

"She will tell you herself to-morrow, my Helena. Oh! that Mrs. Courtenay may be equally propitious! then my charmer cannot make any more objections. Thus we have settled it:—every thing is to be prepared for

for my departure, on the eve of which we will be united in the presence of our parents, and my sister Jemima. I will then proceed to my regiment, and make myself as easy as I can, 'till it is permitted me to claim my charming wife. Should I sell out, if our income renders it impossible to live in Dublin, I will turn farmer; I have a natural bent to a domestic life:—with such a companion, can I fail of being blest in any situation.

I told him he thought more highly of me than I deserved.

“Impossible my dearest creature, I cannot think of you in a more exalted manner than you merit; but my sweet girl, what do you say to my scheme.”

“I do not know—I must take time to consider; your mother’s approbation,

probation I own, induces me to think more favourably of it than I otherwise should; but yet, it appears so rash, so sudden—besides the idea of any thing done in so clandestine a manner, shocks me beyond expression.”

Grenville said all he could to convince me, it was the only expedient left us in the present emergency of affairs. He did not succeed equal to his wishes; though his importunities obliged me to promise to abide the determination of our parents.

When we retired to our apartment, I acquainted my mother with what had passed—she was surprised.

“ I know not what to say to it, my dear Helena,” said she; “ I cannot determine how to act, ’till I see Mrs. Grenville.

Grenville. May the Almighty disposer of all felicity, inspire me to chuse that which will ensure the happiness of my deserving child."

— She embraced me—her eyes surcharged with tears; I fell at her feet, and assured her, I resigned myself entirely to her pleasure—be it what it would.

About twelve the next day, Mrs. Grenville came—I was above stairs with my mother. Oh! my Lucinda, how my heart throbbed—so violent were my emotions. She was obliged to go down without me. I remained near half an hour struggling in vain for a composure proper for the occasion; finding it would not be, I was preparing to descend to the parlour, when my presence was required. As I entered, Mrs. Grenville arose, caught me

me in her arms—"Let me embrace my charming daughter," said she, "the destined wife of my beloved Edward."

"Yes, Helena," said my mother, "I have consented it should be so—Mrs. Grenville has quieted all my scruples. My dearest girl, taking my hand, is I am sure, unalterably attached to her amiable son; his affection for you knows no bounds. We are both mothers—tender ones; how then can we bear to distress two such amiable children! It is left to your choice my dear, to accompany Mr. Grenville to the West-Indies, or to remain with me; the latter I must acknowledge, is our wish:—I cannot part with my beloved child—and it will expedite Mr. Grenville's return."

I endeavoured to speak, to assure them of my acquiescence in every respect;

pect; but I could not articulate a single syllable, so as to be understood.

Mrs. Grenville and my mother, soothed me by turns; at last I found words to express, though imperfectly, my sense of their goodness—their tenderness. A rap at the door, which I knew to be Grenville's, interrupted my acknowledgments, and renewed all my foolish flutterings.

When he made his appearance, doubt and expectation was blended in his countenance.

"You are come just in time, Edward," said Mrs. Grenville smiling, "to hear your doom;—Mrs. Courtenay has consented to your union with our sweet Helena."

"Dearest madam, you enrapture me! how can I sufficiently express the
gratitude

gratitude that swells my bosom !" and turning to my mother, " Be assured, my other dear parent (as I will now presume to call you) you never shall have reason to repent your generous condescension in my favour. Oh ! my Helena, I cannot make you sensible of half the excess of my happiness—my head turns round with extacy."

Indeed, his joy appeared so extreme, and he testified it in so extravagant a manner—his mother was obliged to tell him, she feared his head was really turned, and therefore must advise Mrs. Courtenay to be careful how she entrusted her daughter to a madman.

" Pardon me, madam ; I will be more moderate—I will be every thing I think pleasing to my sweet girl."

" Very "

“Very well sir, smiling; so I have lost all power over you already—with all my heart, I resign it to this dear creature. Your happiness, my children, I know will be complete:—your fortune to be sure, is small—the less temptation will you have to engage in fashionable dissipation, so often the bane of matrimonial felicity.”

They then entered into consultation on our affairs: Grenville drew me to the window; there he poured out his transports in terms so affecting, so elegantly expressive of his happiness, I could not avoid acknowledging, that since we had the sanction of our parents, all scruples were vanished, and I had nothing further to wish.

It was settled by our mothers, every thing should be prepared for Mr. Grenville's departure in a few
VOL. II. K days;

days; that the ceremony should be performed by a clergyman, a relation of Mrs. Grenville's, whom she could depend on—the dear Jemima to be present, and the Wentworths.



Well, my amiable Lucinda, the eve of the day is arrived, that is to fix the future fate of your Helena;—to-morrow is the day destined for my nuptials with my Grenville.

I cannot account for it, but an unusual despondency weighs down my spirits. Grenville is perpetually here, so is Jemima—dear girl, how she rejoices in the approaching relationship! Miss Grenville, at my particular desire, has been acquainted with it; she appeared pleased at the confidence reposed in her.

They

They spent the day with us, and just now took their leave, Mrs. Grenville having letters to write ; I attended her to the carriage—she embraced me with fervor, “Adieu, my lovely girl ; this time to-morrow, please God, I shall fold a third daughter to my bosom.”

I could not speak—I pressed her hand to my lips ;—Jemima said the most flattering things, while her sister, coldly, as I thought, joined in the compliments.

Grenville returns to supper—he is come ; I hear him enquiring for his Helena—I attend the summons. Will he not soon be entitled to all the love—all the obedience I can bestow ?

Again I am retired to my pen—I have entreated my mother’s indulgence

for one hour. Why can I not shake off this unaccountable dejection?—tell me, my Lucinda;—though so far distant, methinks I am speaking to you—oh! that it were indeed so.

These fears are inseparable I believe, from the solemnity of the circumstances, and the sacred ceremony I shall so soon be engaged in: this renders it the more surprising so many should rush into matrimony, without the sanction—nay, in defiance of every friend who are entitled to controul them. In such an awful situation, one requires, I think, every support—every tenderness that possibly can flow from the affection—the presence of our friends: with all this, nay more, the certain assurance of the merit—the amiable qualities of the man, that man the one I would have chose, were thousands possessed of the wealth of worlds,

worlds, his competitors. I am a coward, overwhelmed with apprehensions.

The Wentworths withdrew after supper; my mother followed in a few moments. Grenville seized the opportunity to say the most endearing things; he tendely chid me for my apparent dejection—besought me to keep up my spirits; I promised I would endeavour it.—Finding it grow late, I entreated him to go home; he got up, and sat down several times, as if irresolute—he could scarce bring himself to leave me. After bidding me adieu more than twenty times, he departed :—as the door shut him from my eyes, something seemed to whisper, “He is gone for ever.” I cannot express my thoughts; I wished to call him back; I even rose for the purpose ;—the noise of the street door

shutting, awakened my recollection, though at the same time I imagined it assured me I had seen him for the last time.

My mother entering, she was surprised at the paleness of my looks.

“What ails you, Helena? you will make me angry with you. Why will you give way to this lowness of spirits? calm your apprehensions, my dearest child.”

What indeed, my Lucinda, was I affraid of? I knew not, and yet I feared.

But these forebodings are strange—I will try to forget them. Sleep seems to steal upon me—I will encourage the gentle summons—it has been a stranger these some nights past.—
Good night to my dearest Lucinda.

Well,

Well, my Lucinda, the morning is come, but has not brought an encrease of spirits. My slumbers were disturbed with the most terrifying images—my disordered fancy presented my Grenville to my view in the most distressing situations: at last I thought I beheld him covered with blood. I awoke with terror, and though not six o'clock, arose and dressed myself. I must reason myself out of this folly. —A rap at the door—who can it be at so early an hour?—Jemima Grenville, do you say, Kitty—is she alone. Good God!



Did I not often say, I was marked out for sufferings?—most true. Yes, I am the most wretched of creatures. What have I done to merit such heavy afflictions! Pardon me, oh! merciful

merciful God ! pardon my sinful repinings ! How dare I presume to arraign thy decrees, or question thy justice ? Teach me, oh ! teach me to submit to thy will !—I endeavour to do so, but I sink under the struggle.

I am ill, very ill, my dear Lucinda ; my head seems bound with a cord---the most uncommon feel. I want to acquaint you with the particulars of this dreadful shock I received—they will not permit me. Dear Jemima, let me just tell my Lucinda my Grenville is gone—and is he gone ?—Oh ! Lucinda.



Recovered from the brink of the grave. I have regained (though thro' sufferings the most extreme) some degree of tranquility. I was put to bed immediately on my breaking off last ;
a violent

a violent fever was the consequence: for several days I was insensible to the kind attentions of my friends, uttering the most incoherent ravings. At length I obtained an interval of reason---forgetting every thing that had passed: I was astonished at my situation—I could scarce move my hand, my weakness was so extreme. Involuntarily I called upon my mother---she hastily drew back the curtain; her face pale, and swelled with weeping.

My dear mother, attempting to hold out my hand, “My child! my dearest child!—O God! (falling on her knees) great God! I thank you—my darling once more knows her mother—is sensible of my careffes.”

“Dear madam,” said Jemima Grenville, “consider those violent emotions
will

will hurt our Helena." "True, dear girl, my transports made me forgetful of the danger."

The tears ran down my cheeks at this scene—my mother kissed them off—entreated me to be composed.

My Jemima too (her sweet eyes beaming with pleasure) expressed the most lively satisfaction.—I attempted to speak, but they would not permit me, insisting I should remain quiet.

The physician arriving, declared a favourable change had taken place—in a few days he pronounced me out of danger. My recovery was slow; I had sufficient leisure to reflect on the late transaction which had so greatly affected me, as to hurry me on the confines of that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns: my feelings

ings were the same; but through my sufferings, I had acquired sufficient resignation to support them with fortitude—I had—but they take my pen from me. I am yet too weak to write much. Jemima Grenville, my dear Lucinda, has promised to give you the particulars of an event that has cost me so much;—her letter will accompany this.—Dear madam, I obey; only let me assure my Lucinda, I am entirely out of danger.

Adieu! my sweet, my amiable friend! do not cease to love

Your ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.

LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

MISS JEMIMA GRENVILLE, TO MRS. BYRON.

Dublin.

IN consequence of my Helena's commands, I will attempt dearest madam, to give you the particulars of a circumstance, that has involved us all in the greatest distress.

My amiable Helena has informed you in her letter, the day was appointed for her union with my beloved brother: the eve of that day we spent at Mrs. Courtenay's; the dear girl was uncommonly low-spirited. I after dinner, retired with her to her room; I tried to reason her out of her dejection—laughed, rallied—but all without effect. About eight o'clock, we took our leave—my dear Edward,
(oh!

(oh! madam, you can have no conception how he adores her) promising to return to supper, which he did, and remained 'till near twelve.

We had supped, and were just preparing to leave the parlour, when a violent rap at the door alarmed us; in an instant my brother rushed into the room, his drawn sword in his hand, his face pale, and his whole frame agitated to the utmost degree.

I cannot express how much we were shocked—my mother screamed, and almost fainted; while excess of terror deprived me of motion or utterance.

My mother recovering, entreated Edward to tell her what had happened: he had thrown himself into a chair, and seemed insensible of her request.

request. She went to him, cast her arms around him---again besought him to relieve an anxiety too insupportable to be endured.

He started from his seat, and cast himself at her feet, "Oh! my mother, forgive me!--but no, rash wretch that I am, it is impossible you can."

My mother trembled so, she was obliged to sit down; "Great God!" said she, "what am I to expect from this horrid preparation!--hasten, oh! hasten to relieve me!--What can my Edward have done to despair of forgiveness?"

He looked wildly at her--his face convulsed with his emotions.--"Can you forgive a murderer?"

"A mur-

"A murderer!--Oh! gracious heaven, what do I hear!"--turning with horror from him.

"I knew you would abhor me."

"But no, she continued, it is impossible; my Edward can never deserve that shocking appellation."

Just then my eldest brother entered (in our fright we had not heard him rap) the scene that followed, is not to be described. Edward started from his kneeling posture--flew to his brother; villain, he called him--ruiner of his dearest hopes. He retorted--he drew his sword--Edward caught up his. Our screams called in the servants--they seized my brother Edward, and forced him into another room. What a scene for my mother--on the point of seeing her

sons murder each other before her eyes! what a shocking sight for a parent, indeed!—She asked, in a voice scarce audible, an explanation from my eldest brother.

With the utmost haughtiness he replied, “You must require an explanation madam, from your favourite.”

My mother coloured—her eyes sparkled with indignation:—“This I may demand, said she, that you will leave the presence of a mother you have insulted in the grossest manner: ’till I know what has happened, I desire not to see you.”

He attempted to speak, but she would not hear him—snatching up his hat in a passion, he left the house.

We went into the room to Edward—he had cast himself on the ground

ground in an agony of passion. My mother begged him to rise, that we might consult what measures were proper to pursue. At length he did, and told us in the best manner he was able, what had occasioned all this confusion. It is as follows:—

“ In a few moments after he had parted from Helena, he was accosted by a fellow muffled up in a great coat, who coming up close to him, told him, he had a writ against him for three hundred pounds. A writ against me! (exclaimed my brother, all astonishment) it cannot be, you must mistake me for some other person.

“ No, no,” replied the bailiff, “ I assure you I am not mistaken; you are ensign Grenville, are you not?”
—“ That is my name, but at whose suit do you presume to arrest me?”

“ O I warrant you, I know'st what I am about ;—why, at Mr. Charles Grenville's.”—“ My brother's !”

“ Yes, I hear's he is your brother, sure enough.”

Imagine, dear Mrs. Byron, the astonishment of the poor youth ;—for a few minutes he stood immoveable, 'till the fellow, reminding him he was his prisoner ; saying furlyly, “ He could not wait on him any longer.” His passion rose above his reason—he drew his sword, telling him, to touch him at his peril. The bailiff instantly called out, and was directly joined by two more, who waited at a distance ; on their attempting to seize him, he defended himself with such address, that one soon fell, and the others, fearful of the same fate, fled. Ed-ward

ward made the best of his way home—
what followed, I have related.”

My mother, though her heart was
wrung with anguish, assumed a sur-
prising composure—“ You must fly,
my son,” said she, “ You have I fear,
killed the man. Oh! do not delay a
moment! I will myself attend you to
the quay; we shall find a vessel, I
dare say, that will soon sail for Eng-
land. Do not hesitate—there is no
alternative. We will break the mat-
ter in the easiest manner to our sweet
Helena.

In an agony of despair—“ He
cared not what became of him, he
said;—he could not leave his Helena
—his wife!”

My mother reasoned with him on
the extravagance of his behaviour:—

“ You

"You know, my Edward, I cannot protect you;—my house will undoubtedly be searched—you must then go to prison. Think of that, my dearest son, and spare your mother and friends this affliction."

He was penetrated—pressing her hand affectionately to his lips, "Do with me, my mother, what you will; every thing is now indifferent that immediately regards myself."

"Do not say so, my dearest brother," said I, "Do not give way to this despondency."

A servant entering to tell the carriage was ready, he started, "And must I go?"

"You must, my Edward," said his mother, "Jemima and I will go with you to see you on board."

We

We entered the carriage—I cannot describe what the dear fellow suffered—resentment against his brother—every thing gave way to his sorrow, for the loss of his Helena.

“I cannot part from my Helena,” said he two or three times—“Dear madam, do not exact it. And must I leave her?—Death is preferable to such a separation!”

In this way we arrived at George’s-quay, endeavouring to sooth him into composure. Fortunately, the house the captains of the packets resort, was open; there was one waiting only for the tide to float them over the bar—my mother agreed with the captain to take him instantly on board.

My mother then embraced my brother; requested him to keep up his spirits;

spirits; said she would inform him of every particular that should happen; mean time, he was to proceed to his uncle's in Bath, and remain there 'till he received her letters. In short, she said every thing possible, to console him—mentioned Helena—they would be united for all this yet;—he might depend on her stability.

He brightened a little; but when the moment of separation approached, he could scarce tear himself from us. My mother's fortitude was astonishing—I was dissolved in tears—he clasped me in his arms, “My dearest Jemima, farewell! tell my lovely Helena, oh! tell her what I suffer! entreat her to forgive my rashness—oh! that I had quietly surrendered. Say I request she will be careful of her precious health;—say every thing my sister you can, to exculpate me in her opinion—

opinion—she will pity her Grenville. Angelic creature! what will become of me, if I am deprived of her affection!”

I told him his apprehensions were groundless—“ Helena Courtenay will never cease to love my Edward—be comforted then; let me be enabled to inform her, I saw you depart composed.”

His amiable sister, he called me—he would endeavour for all our dear sakes.

He entered the boat—as it put off, once more bid us adieu! “ Remember, my Jemima,” said he; then cover his face with his handkerchief, the boat soon bore him from our sight.

We entered our carriage—during our ride home, my mother was silent;
I could

I could not speak for my tears---I slept with my mother : the girl that attended to assist us in undressing, said, " Mr. Charles has been here, madam ; he enquired for Miss Grenville---I heard her say to him, she would never have acquainted him Mr. Edward was going to be married to Miss Courtenay, had she imagined what would have been the consequence."

My mother's (astonishment not allowing her words) looked at me ; I regarded her with the same silence : the servant leaving the room---she lamented having two such children.

The duplicity of my sister is, if possible, more shocking, than the open villainy of my brother.

Finding it impossible to sleep, I arose and dressed myself ; and taking
a servant

a servant with me, went to break the affair to Helena, before it should reach her by any other means. But oh! my dear Mrs. Byron, what a task was mine! The instant she saw me—saw my eyes swelled with weeping, with an exclamation, she sunk half-fainting into a chair. I had salts in my pocket that in some measure restored her.

Clasping her arms round me, she entreated me to tell her, what was the matter. “Keep me not in suspense, my dearest Jemima.”

“I will tell you every thing, my beloved Helena—only promise me to be more composed.”

“Tell me first, has any thing happened my Grenville? Is he safe?—Is he well?”

“He is, my dear, both safe and well, I assure you.”

“Thank God (sinking on her knees) for that assurance! since he is well, I can bear to hear whatever you have to relate.”

I embraced her, “My dearest sister, I called her—the only one I would ever acknowledge.”

She fixed her sweet enquiring eyes on my face;—I then acquainted her with every circumstance.

“Her poor Grenville—cruel brother—how unlike a sister!” were the words she uttered, as she listened to my narrative.

When I had concluded, I folded her in my arms, and mingled my
tears

tears with her's. Her sobs almost choaked her.

Mrs. Courtenay found us in this situation—the dear Helena left to me the task of unfolding the dreadful affair—she retired to her room.

This amiable woman is not unknown to you; I need not then relate, how she rises superior to every misfortune.

Wiping her eyes, “Come, my dear Jemima,” said she, “let us go to my child—her tender frame is unequal to contend with the afflictions she daily experiences.” We found her employed in writing to you—her answers soon grew incoherent—terrified to death almost, her mother insisted on her being put to bed;—a violent fever was the result. Thank heaven,

she is perfectly recovered, though still extremely weak.

Thus, dear madam, I have (though imperfectly) acquitted myself of my promise to our Helena. I will only add, the man my brother wounded is yet alive; though alas! there are little hopes of his recovery.

I have the honour to conclude myself, dear Mrs. Byron,

Your obedient humble servant,

JEMIMA GRENVILLE.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

MRS. BYRON TO MISS HELENA COURTENAY.

I RECEIVED my Helena's valuable letter, and congratulate her on her pleasing prospects. Yes, my dear girl, you will find every thing will happen to your wish. I am charmed with Mr. Grenville, and am convinced you were formed for each other. If his mother approves, as certainly she must, what need you care for the concurrence of his brother?—low wretch! let him content himself with the pleasures suited to his vitiated taste!—he can have no conception of the refined happiness of an union, founded on a mutual affection!

May this happiness fall to my Helena's lot! Your suspenses, my amiable

M 3

friend,

friend, sit near my heart—were they removed, I should be as light as a feather—every thing here is calculated to inspire chearfulness. This seat is most delightfully situated—romantic to a degree ;—no fear of tiring the eye with a sameness ; the prospect is beautifully diversified ;—

Ador'd Artificer ! what skill divine !
What wonders in the wide creation shine !
Order and majesty adorn the whole—
Beauty and life—and *Thou* the inspiring soul.

We have some very pleasing neighbours, and spend our time in the usual amusements of riding, walking, fishing and dancing.

Do not be angry—I read part of your last letter to Byron ; he smiled at your description of Grenville, and said, “ No wonder the American
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beaus failed of making an impression on your heart—that honour was reserved for an Irishman.”

“Why yes, said I, he is worth taking a journey for—how unlucky for me, I did not accompany Helena; I might have seen one I could have liked better than you, Byron.”

“It is happy for me, my love, you did not. But Lucinda, Miss Courtenay will, I suppose, be settled in Ireland.” “I suppose so; I never again, I fear, shall behold her.” My eyes filled with tears.

“You shall, my dearest girl, if God spares our lives to see the conclusion of these unhappy disputes, we will visit them in Ireland.”

Worthy creature! how I thanked him for his tenderness—his kind indulgence to me! I see

I see a carriage from my window—a gentleman alights from it;—it is Wilton, I declare, and accompanied by Mrs. Jervois, and the amiable Fanny. I must hurry down to receive my visitors.

Wilton, you know, my dear, was an old flame of yours; he has now transferred his hopeless passion to Fanny Jervois, and meets, I fancy, with proper encouragement.

We went to walk in the wood after dinner; I seized a moment to mention Mr. Wilton's apparent assiduities to Fanny; she blushed, and owned she was happy in the esteem of so amiable a man. She then enquired how you were at present situated. We talked over the vicissitudes that attended my Helena's life, and both offered up the most fervent prayers for your felicity.

My

My father is perfectly recovered, and looks charmingly. Byron makes it his study to render every thing agreeable to his guests. Do you know, I am become an early riser—astonishing, you will allow ;—what! the lazy Lucinda, whom no consideration could persuade to leave her bed 'till nine o'clock ! Yes, my dear, it is even so; I now rise almost with the lark, and find it so delightful, I shall never, I think, fall into my old habit again.

We are to have all the neighbouring gentry here this evening, to entertain our guests with a ball ;—we have our balls here, though not as brilliant as your's—how should they ; the latter have the advantage of your presence.



I have escaped an eminent danger, my sweet friend, that has almost given

ven

ven me a surfeit of a carriage.—The day after our ball, we were going to a gentleman's seat, five miles from our house, to spend the evening—the coachman driving too near a ditch, overfet the carriage—we all screamed to be sure: Mr. Wilton and Byron were on a little way before; they rode back, you may suppose, on hearing our shrieks; they extricated us from the carriage, and seated us on a bank just by: it is utterly impossible to describe the agony of poor Byron, when he saw my face and neck streaming with blood (which were cut with the glass) he caught me in his arms, regardless of every other person—lamenting over me, as if I was going to depart.

As soon as I was a little recovered from my fright, I begged he would not be so much alarmed. He was in extasies to hear me speak—asked where
I was

I was hurt, blamed himself for trusting me out of sight—vowed he would sacrifice the coachman for his neglect—all in a breath.

Fortunately no one was hurt but Fanny and I. My mother, who possessed more presence of mind than any of them, washed the blood from our faces, and from my neck, with some water Wilson brought from a neighbouring brook, binding up our wounds with our handkerchiefs—pretty figures we must have cut, I dare say.

The carriage had not received any material damage, so we re-entered it, and returned home: a surgeon was instantly sent for, who pronounced there was not any danger to be apprehended from our scars and bruises: I was cut in the temple, this was sufficient

ficient for Byron to dread a fracture; the surgeon happily relieved his anxiety. The fright however, occasioned my mother to be alarmed in another respect---her fears were realized;--- Byron was distracted at my danger; he thought of nothing, nor any body but his Lucinda.

Oh! Helena, I can never be sufficiently grateful---my whole life cannot repay such tenderness! God was pleased to restore me. When I was able to sit up, I wanted to finish my letter to you; Byron would not permit me; my mother said, it was madness to attempt it---I was obliged to acquiesce in their superior judgment. Fearful of alarming you, I did not wish Byron should conclude my letter as he desired. I am now quite well, and would no longer be restrained.

Your

Your last letter is just brought me ; I cannot describe the different emotions that affected me on perusing it—pity for the sufferings of my sweet Helena, was the predominant passion.

What a vile wretch is your Grenville's brother—brother ! must I call the savage ! my heart rises against the inhumanity of a man, that could treat an amiable brother in so barbarous a manner. He is most assuredly accountable to heaven, for what followed. Should the man die, it is the work of his hands—let him glory in it !—Mean time, what has my dearest Helena gone through !

I am charmed with Mrs. Grenville and her amiable daughter—a thousand thanks to the latter for favouring me as she has, and sparing you a task so distressing.

As for Miss Grenville, I dare not trust my pen in commenting on the part she has performed : I will only say, I wish they were not so nearly related, and then they might be linked together—it is a pity two such black hearts should be divided.

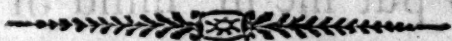
Here is Byron---teazing mortal ! I must not write any more, he says :--- upon my word, the man seems determined to put me in mind of my almost forgotten vow of obedience—he takes the pen from me ;—let me address the amiable Helena, and tell her how sincerely—how ardently I wish her happiness.

“ Oh ! Miss Courtenay, your sweet friend is restored to my prayers—what have I not endured ! but she is well, and my heart is at ease. I have insisted on her not writing any more, as
this

this is the first day she has taken a pen in hand since her illness—the saucy charmer is rather refractory—she must conclude her letter, she says; I am obliged to yield the pen to her to do so, after assuring you how much I am,

Your's, &c.

CHARLES BYRON.



You see, Helena, I was obliged to humour the perverse creature. I must stop to tell you Fanny is purely recovered from her share of the accident.

Do not, my amiable girl suffer, if you can help it, your spirits to be distressed. Those clouds passed over, the sun-shine of felicity will again

break forth, and surround my charming friend. That it soon may be so, shall be the daily prayers of

Your ever affectionate

LUCINDA BYRON.



L E T T E R VIII.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MRS. BYRON.

Dublin.

I HAVE the pleasure of informing my Lucinda, the wounded man is thought out of danger; Mrs. Grenville has acquainted her son with the agreeable news—a letter from me accompanied her's, at her request; indeed it was equally desired by my mother. I acknowledge, to correspond

pond with my Edward, is the first wish of my heart.

Mrs. Grenville has a settled melancholy in her fine face; no wonder, one deserving child lost to her, perhaps for ever, by the baseness of two others. It is true, he must have gone in a few days; but then, he would have been spared the shock of having, as he imagined, the life of a fellow-creature to answer for; and all the subsequent miseries that attended the unhappy affair.

Mrs. Grenville has not yet consented to see Miss Grenville—she is very repentant it seems;—well might I dislike her; it was certainly a presentiment of what was to happen. Her brother, detested wretch! is gone back to his seat in the country. Severely as their cruelty has affected me,

I forgive them; yes, my Lucinda, I thank my merciful Father, for enabling me to say, "I forgive them."

I have not obtained this frame of mind without infinite struggles;—but let us, my amiable Lucinda, survey the world at large, and what do we observe? often vice triumphant, but of short duration—short indeed, if it even triumphs through this life!

I hear Jemima's voice. We have heard, my Lucinda, from our dear Grenville. He wrote to his mother, enclosing one for me—we are relieved from our fears, respecting his safety: his health is as well as it can be, he says, in his present situation.

Oh! my friend, in how pathetic, in how tender a strain, does the dear youth lament the demolition of his hopes;

hopes ; and expresses his fears of what may happen in future ;—my heart takes part with him in those fears ;—nothing I expect---every thing I dread. But I must quit a subject, I find too affecting.

By the same packet, I received a letter from Julia—my uncle is no more—we are sincerely grieved at his death : he consented to my cousin's union with Mr. Selwin. My aunt is very indifferent—Julia's affliction is extreme. Except in one instance, he was the tenderest of fathers.

Again must we resume the fable habit we have so recently put off.

You cannot imagine, Lucinda, with what rapidity Mr. Grenville's *recontre* with the bailiffs, has spread. A hundred conjectures are formed, what could

could be the reason of one brother's arresting another;—he is universally despised—the amiable character of my Edward, rises every where in judgment against him.

We are going to make a small excursion, for the benefit of my health—yet very delicate: Mrs. Grenville and the sweet Jemima, accompanies us. Mrs. Grenville is not well either; she has not yet recovered the shock so recently received—God spare her precious life! I consider her as a second parent. Jemima is the comforter of us all—dear girl, how she loves her brother. My mother, thank heaven, is well; with what tenderness does she treat her ever grateful child on the present occasion! what would become of me, had I a harsh, or an unfeeling parent!—the most affectionate of mother's is mine!

Adieu!

Adieu ! my love ; I hope to find a letter from you on my return.

[*In Continuation.*]

After a fortnight's absence, we are returned to Dublin, but yet no letter. My mother's business obliged us to shorten our excursion.

We have again heard from Mr. Grenville—he has received a second summons from his colonel, and must proceed to the West-Indies with the utmost dispatch. You may suppose the moving stile in which he writes. It cannot be helped, my Lucinda—he must go : my eyes, I fear, will never again meet those of the most beloved of men.

Your dear letter has just come in time to comfort me ; the assurance of
your

your felicity, my Lucinda, affords me the greatest pleasure. I congratulate you on the narrow escape you had—but does not this, and every other instance evince, how much you are adored by the worthiest of men.

Tell Fanny Jervois I rejoice in her happy prospects—Mr. Wilson could not have made a more amiable choice. I will endeavour, my friend, to obey your kind commands, and keep up my spirits—I have nothing to charge myself with—I made no concealment. Those reflections, Lucinda, contribute more than any thing can, to render me easy; the more especially, as the wounded bailiff is quite well. I am spared the horror of considering my Grenville as the instrument of depriving a wretched being of life. My mother too—is not her life bound up in

in mine?—how many calls have I upon me to exert myself!

We were sitting together the other evening—observing me rather more dejected than usual, she in a discourse worthy of herself, painted the duty incumbent on us, to support the evils of life with a christian resignation—adding, with a sigh! “Your dear father has often been separated from me, even with the dreadful certainty of a battle in view;—think what I must have suffered, when I looked on my sweet infants—not knowing but the next account, might be the having lost him for ever.”

I joined my tears with her's—after a pause, I entreated her, if it would not too much afflict her, to favour me with the recital of what had happened in her life, previous to my birth.

Again

Again! she sighed—"I will gratify you, Helena; and though the recollection must pain me, I will comply to the utmost of my power with every wish of yours."

I will give you the narrative, Lucinda, in my mother's own words.



It is necessary to begin from my birth, to make my Helena perfectly understand my situation, when I first saw her dear father.

"My father was an East-India merchant; he resided in the west of England, not far from Portsmouth. He was doatingly fond of my mother—she returned his affection with equal warmth;—they were, as I have heard, the happiest of couples. I was the youngest

youngest of seven children—my mother was near lying-in of the eighth when my father was obliged to take a journey to London, to settle some business with one of his partners; some dispute arose between them, which was carried to such a length, that the partner, who was a very passionate man, struck my father on the temple with such violence, he fell to the earth, and expired in a moment—the wretch made his escape, and got over to France.

“ It was of a Sunday morning my mother received the account; she was preparing for church; on reading the letter, containing the intelligence, she fell in a fit across the fender. She was taken up, and carried to bed, where she was delivered of a dead child—ending her life and misfortunes together.

“ Thus was seven helpless children, the eldest not nine years old, left orphans to the world.

“ A brother of my mother’s administered for us, and took us with the effects, into his charge. Four of my brothers died in the course of three years. My grandmother took my only sister to live with her in Winchester; there then remained but one brother and myself. My sister also died in less than a twelvemonth—my grandmother soon followed. I could not walk when my father and mother died.

“ Most people supposed they left a quantity of valuable effects, and thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds in money: be this as it may, we were used with the greatest severity, by my aunt in particular. She was the most whimsical of women—I may say indeed,

deed, the worst-tempered creature on earth. My uncle, who was in a decay twenty years before he died, seldom interfered, or troubled himself about us. He was constantly riding for his health; so that we were left entirely at her mercy. They had one son, who was apprenticed in London to an eminent lawyer;—I was always rejoiced when my cousin came down to see us: he was remarkably fond of me. My brother Richard was a sweet boy, of a most gentle engaging disposition; and yet my aunt hated him, I verily believe, for she was continually treating him with the greatest cruelty—I had my share;—indeed, it was by force my uncle got so far the better, as to have proper masters for our instruction; but in this, he was resolute; ashamed, I suppose, to do otherwise; conscious what a good right we had to a proper education.

“ My aunt, who was a great adept in all kinds of needle-work, taught me this branch of female education herself.

“ Things went on in this manner, 'till I attained my tenth year.

“ Opposite my uncle's house, was the only inn in the town; my brother was one day standing at our door, when a waiter crossing the way, told him a gentleman wanted to speak to him. He went, and was introduced to a fine looking man, about forty: he took his hand—said, he was a sweet boy—that he was struck with his appearance from the window of the inn; adding, who do you live with my charming fellow?

“ He answered, with his uncle.

“ Would

“ Would you like to live with me, my man ? If your uncle consents, I will adopt you for my son—tell him what I say, and that my name is counsellor Williams—I am pretty well known in this part of England—I am now going the circuit, and if it is agreeable to your uncle, will call for you on my return ;—but stay, I will myself attend you to your uncle—I have taken so strong a fancy to you, I must speak to him.

“ He then came with Richard in his hand, to our house ; my uncle, who was acquainted with the amiable character he bore, received him with the greatest respect. He had a large fortune, independent of his profession ;—on his proposing to take my brother, and provide for him as his own, my uncle, though surprised, did not hesitate in the least to give his

O 3 consent.

consent. Richard was asked, if he chose to go with the counsellor; with the greatest alacrity, he replied in the affirmative. It was concluded he should be ready to attend him on his return.

“ I dwell the more particularly on this circumstance, as it was the occasion of separating me from my beloved brother. He, though sorry to part with me, could not avoid rejoicing at escaping from the severity with which he was treated by my aunt.

“ The counsellor did not fail to call for him. I was drowned in tears: the good man was pleased with the affection we expressed for each other. He bid me not grieve—he would make a man of my brother. They then entered the carriage, and drove off.

“ I was

“I was now left alone—my aunt, as I before observed, was whimsical to a degree. Sometimes she would have me dressed in the neatest manner—taking me to visit with her, and seem delighted with the praises bestowed on my person. Again, she would confine me to my room, not allowing me to go out of the doors for weeks—correcting me, even in a barbarous manner, for faults I was never guilty of: I dared not look or speak, for fear of offending. Perhaps, she would be in a tolerable humour with me, and I would be delighted—when without the smallest provocation, she would fly into the greatest rage—say we had ruined her—she soon would not have a house over her head, and more to the same purpose.

“In this miserable manner, my Helena, did your mother pass two more

more years. At this period, my uncle died ; what provision he made for us, I know not—trifling I believe, if any. Poor man, what had he to answer for!

“ I was now entirely in my aunt’s power. My cousin Henry came down from London, on his father’s decease. He was a fine tall youth of eighteen—totally unlike his mother in person and disposition. He took great notice of me, though so young ; saying, what a lovely woman I should make ! My aunt, fearful I suppose, of his liking me too well, soon sent him back to London.

“ She now gave herself up to the shocking vice of drunkenness ;—she was scarce ever sober ; and when she was, her temper was unbearable. What I have suffered, though it is so
many

many years since, the recollection makes me shudder.

“ Two more years passed—I was then in my fifteenth year; and may now say without vanity, was reckoned handsome, tall and womanly for my age; my disposition was timid to a degree, owing to the implicit obedience I was obliged to pay my aunt. She received a hurt on her ankle, in one of her moments of inebriation, that confined her to her bed; I attended her with unwearied assiduity; she seemed grateful for my care, and promised, if she recovered, to make me amends by her future behaviour, for her former unkindness. But she was no sooner restored to health, than she relapsed into her old habits, forgetting all the good resolutions she had formed on her sick bed.

“ My

“My cousin, whom I had sent for, in my apprehensions of her danger, remained with us some time—it was the vacation. (I should have mentioned I had seen my brother several times.) He was a charming youth; the counsellor doated on him. After bestowing the most liberal education on him, he had articted him to himself, to learn his profession.

Often did I pour out my grief to this amiable brother—as often did he wish himself in a situation, to take me from my inhuman aunt—a happiness he hoped, would one day be allowed him!

“At the end of our garden, there was a pleasant summer-house; thither I often retired with my work (for little was I permitted to read) when
my

my aunt went to lie down, which was the case almost every afternoon.

“I was seated here, deep in thought on my melancholy fate, when my cousin entered—I started—he placed himself by me.

“Do I intrude, my charming cousin?

“No indeed, said I, but I thought you had rode out.

“I intended to have done so, replied he, but hearing you were in the garden, I changed my resolution; as I have waited for an opportunity of speaking to you those some days past. I see, my amiable girl, daily instances of the sweetness of your temper, in the trials you continually meet with from my mother—unhappy woman!
—sighing.

—sighing. I have loved you, dearest Maria, for years; your lovely person, believe me, in my eyes, is the least of your perfections. My apprenticeship will expire in less than a twelve-month; I shall then be of age, and entitled to demand the inheritance left me by my father. If my sweet cousin consents to share it with me, how exquisite would be my felicity! I will endeavour to make her amends, for the distress she has experienced from those it is not permitted me to speak against.

“He paused. Astonished at this discourse, I scarce knew what to answer: I had not much time to resolve, for my aunt burst in upon us. She had overheard all my cousin had said, and coming round the summer-house, was on us before we were aware.

“To

“To describe the scene that followed, is impossible;—she overwhelmed her son with a torrent of reproaches, for his meanness in fixing his affections on a beggar, as she called me. She threatened repeatedly to turn me out of doors, for seducing her son. In vain I attempted to clear myself from this imputation—she would not hear me. Trembling and affrighted, I returned to the house, and shutting myself in my chamber, gave way to my tears, which flowed without intermission. I remained unmolested for two or three hours, when there was a tap at my door; I opened it—it was one of the maids, a good-natured girl, much attached to me.

“Lord bless me, miss, said she, what a hurricane has been below!

“I am sorry for it, Nanny—
fighing.

“ Do not sigh, miss—young master vowed he would declare his love for you to the whole world—it did my heart good to hear him talk.—Mistress stormed—but I forgot, I am ordered to bid you come down to tea.

“ Was it by my aunt, Nanny?

“ No miss—young master. Tell Miss Maria, Nanny, said he, her company is requested to tea.

“ I cannot go, Nanny—my head aches—do good girl, make an excuse for me.

“ That I will, miss; but pray do not fret yourself in this manner—your eyes are swelled out of your head.

“ She left me, but soon returned with a message from my aunt, desiring me to come down immediately.

There

There was no refusing this summons. I dried my eyes as well as I could, and descended to the parlour. I seated myself at the tea-table, and began to make tea—I could scarce restrain my tears. Henry looked at me—love and compassion blended in his countenance. My aunt sat with her back almost turned to us, and did not vouchsafe me a look—this was better than I expected. After tea, I entreated permission to retire, pleading a headache.

“With her usual ungraciousness, she said, I might go.

“I courtised to her and my cousin, and was retiring—under pretence of opening the door, he advanced,—Be comforted, my dear Maria, said he, you shall hear from me in a couple of hours.

“ I returned to my room, and began to consider my situation ; I esteemed my cousin—I knew not what was meant by love. I thought myself happy in his acknowledged affection. My aunt had called me a beggar—my heart rose at the reproach—I wept at the recollection—but they were tears of resentment.

“ I was interrupted by the entrance of Nanny. After shutting the door, and carefully fastening it, she took a letter from her bosom—

“ Here, Miss Maria—your young master desired me to give you this—you must send him an answer—he goes to London in the morning—my mistress has fallen asleep in her chair.

“ I opened his letter ; he told me he was obliged to promise his mother
to

to return to London in the morning, as he knew not to what extremities she might have proceeded had he not. He vowed eternal love—entreated me to correspond with him, until he should be enabled to demand me in spite of all opposition. He had a friend in the family, he said, that would inform him how I was treated, if I would not; if severely, he would, with my permission, place me with some respectable family to board, 'till he came of age.

“ In my answer, I thanked him for his generous care of me; but said, I could never consent to leave my aunt's protection, let her treat me ever so severe;—begged he would excuse my corresponding with him—it would but the more exasperate my aunt, should she discover it.

“ Nanny took this note to him, and soon returned with another short one, reproaching me with my refusal of corresponding with him. He acquiesced however, in the justness of my reason—again vowed, nothing should ever cause a change in the sentiments he entertained for me.

“ I did not go down to the parlour the next morning, till I was summoned to breakfast. Henry looked earnestly at me—I could not help blushing.

“ I am going to set off for London, Maria, said he, but could not before I bid you adieu. I have told my mother, you are not to blame in what passed yesterday; and that I never before spoke to you on that subject. My mother at length believes me. Let me have the happiness

ness to see you reconciled here I de-
part: not, indeed, with another, but

“I said, I hoped my aunt would
forgive an offence that was involun-
tary, and thanked him for exculpating
me in her opinion.

“She condescended to say, she for-
gave me; and thus, my Helena, ended
to me, this terrible adventure.

“After breakfast, my cousin rose to
go; he trembled when he saluted me.
Do not forget me, my charming
Maria, whispered he.

“He then mounted his horse, and
was out of sight in a moment—I
never beheld him more. Amiable
Henry!—he possessed a soul the most
exalted.

“The

“ The following Sunday at church, I first saw your father—he was in the next pew to ours; it is impossible to conceive the beauty of his figure that day;—within your remembrance, Helena, few could stand the comparison with your father, for elegance of form, and sensibility and expression of countenance.

“ From the moment I entered the church, his eyes were fixed on mine; I was glad when the service was ended. When I returned home, I could think of nothing but the young officer; in vain I endeavoured to banish him from my imagination—he appeared to me the most amiable youth I ever beheld.

“ I was scarce fifteen—entirely ignorant of the world, except what I had learned from the few books I had read.

read. I made comparisons in my mind between him and my cousin---what a difference!

“ A young lady, who lived a few doors from us, came to pay me a visit—a sweet lively girl. After chatting on various subjects, she said,

“ Oh! that’s true, Mrs. Montague, you know, I suppose, we have part of a regiment quartered here—the officers are most agreeable men; I was in company with them at the squire’s yesterday: one in particular, an ensign Courtenay, is the sweetest fellow I ever saw. He sat in the pew next your’s, Maria—don’t you think he is very handsome.

“ My aunt prevented my answering, by saying—How should such a child know any thing of beauty; I think, Miss Harrison, you might find something

something else to do at church, than to look at young fellows.

"La! madam, returned the lively Emily, sure there can be no harm in looking about us, though in church—what are we to do with our eyes?

"After she was gone, my aunt said she was a giddy young flirt, and supposed would fling herself away on one of those red-coats.

"I dared not say any thing in my friend's defence, for fear of bringing her displeasure on myself.

"In the afternoon, I again attended my aunt to church; and again was Mr. Courtenay in the next pew. I blushed when I met his eye, and endeavoured to avoid him by looking in my book. Some ladies we were to
drink

drink tea with, joined us coming out of church. Mr. Courtenay saluted them, and walked with us to their house; he was engaged of the party.

“After tea, a walk was proposed—we all consented: Mr. Courtenay walked by my side—he discoursed in a pleasing gallant manner. I was rather embarrassed, and answered little to his compliments.

“He attended us home in the evening, and even my aunt observed, he was a civil young man—a great deal from her!

“The next day, Emily Harrison came to invite me to a party at her house in the evening, my aunt refused, but Emily would take no denial, and at length teased her into compliance.

“My

“ My aunt (whose whimsical disposition I have observed to you) was that day in a remarkable good humour—she would dress me herself; as she had a good taste, I made no despicable figure. My robe was a straw-coloured lustring, trimmed with gauze and Italian flowers; my hair without any other ornament than a black feather, with a small sprig of diamonds, that had been my mother's.

“ My aunt was pleased with my appearance, and after charging me not to stay too late, I set off for Mrs. Harrison's.

“ Emily met me at the door—Why Maria, said the mad-cap, you look divine—Lord help the poor beaus—they little suspect the fate preparing for them. I laughed at
this

this flight, and followed her into the drawing-room—it was full of company, most of them known to me, except the officers, of which there was seven or eight present.

“ Mr. Courtenay advanced to pay his compliments ; I felt my face glow as I returned them—he remained leaning on my chair. After tea, we had a ball—I danced with your father. In the course of the evening, he seized an opportunity to declare a passion for me, entreated I would pardon so early a disclosure ; said he loved me from the first moment he beheld me ; and pleaded his cause with such effect, my young inexperienced heart, unused to disguise, could not conceal its emotions. He saw the advantage he had gained, and pursued it, ’till I acknowledged, provided my

aunt consented, I would not object receiving his addresses.

“ He was transported—his father, he told me, lived in he would not refuse his consent. In short, he said every thing a young man of one-and-twenty, romantically in love, could be supposed to say—which was equally agreeable to an artless girl of fifteen.

“ My aunt sent for me at twelve—I instantly obeyed the summons; Mr. Courtenay escorted me to the door—my aunt still retained her good-humour. I entertained her with the particulars of my evening’s amusement, and retired to my chamber to indulge my agreeable ideas.

“ It never once occurred to me my aunt would not consent; on the contrary,

trary, I supposed she would be glad to put it out of her son's power to be united to me; at last, I fell asleep; and again in my dreams, beheld your dear father, vowing eternal fidelity.

“After breakfast the next morning, he came—my aunt was from home: he renewed the subject, as he said, next his heart. We concluded, he should take the first opportunity of asking her consent. He staid two hours, and even then took a reluctant leave.

“Impatient for more frequent interviews than we now had, Mr. Courtenay soon waited on my aunt. She had scarce patience to hear him to an end—told him she never would consent I should marry a poor officer—wondered at his impertinence in pre-

fuming to speak of such a child—and finally, forbid him the house.

“ He attempted to expostulate, but all to no purpose—he was obliged to take his leave.

“ I had with design absented myself, and was in the same unfortunate summer-house, so recently the scene of her displeasure.

“ I trembled when I saw her approach : she was in a dreadful passion—she even struck me—yes, Helena, she struck me several times!—forward creature, she called me—Mr. Courtenay would never have thought of such a child, had I not given him improper encouragement. What! did I want to complete my undutiful behaviour, to marry an ensign—a man, with nothing but his person and red coat,

coat, to recommend him, as she knew of : was that the return I made her, for all her care in bringing me up? She run on for upwards of an hour, and at last ordered me to my room.

“ At dinner time, the good-natured Nanny brought me something to eat, unknown to my aunt—I might fast, she said, bold creature as I was, continually involving her in some trouble or other.

“ What is the matter now, miss, said the girl; I thought mistress was growing quite good.

“ I sighed!

“ Ah! miss, I can guess; the young officer is at the bottom of all this: I fear, Miss Maria, you have forgot
poor

poor Mr. Henry—he will break his heart.

“ I said, my sentiments respecting my cousin were the same.

“ But you like this young gentleman better, miss—well, I’ll keep your secret ; to be sure, he is as handsome a man as ever I set eyes on—that he is.

“ Thus the simple girl run on, while I as simple, listening to her with pleasure.

“ The next day, I was released from my confinement, though not allowed to go out.

“ Emily called on me in the afternoon ; she ran in a familiar manner into the garden ; I followed—taking hold

hold of my arm as we walked round it, she told me (after rallying me on the conquest I had made) Mr. Courtenay had intrusted her with his passion for me, and entreated her to find some opportunity for him to see me.

“ I said it was impossible ; and related what had passed between my aunt and me.

“ She was affected.

“ I besought her to advise me—alas ! she was as unexperienced as myself.

“ She said, she would not hesitate a moment in freeing herself from Mrs. Montague’s tyranny, by accepting Mr. Courtenay’s hand.

“ Ah ! Emily—shaking my head.

“ Indeed,

“ Indeed, Maria, I speak as I think ; Mr. Courtenay’s connections are very genteel , besides, I am sure you are entitled to a fortune—every one says your father died rich. Your uncle must have made some provision for you, or he was a very bad man. She then said, she would contrive some way for us to see each other soon—we returned to the house. Emily’s reasoning was, you may suppose, very agreeable to my young heart ;—to be the wife of the man I loved, was every thing in my opinion.

“ The next day, Mrs. Harrison sent my aunt word, she would drink tea with her in the evening. After tea, Emily and I retired as usual to the garden. When we were out of sight of the house, she said,—

“ Do not be surprised, Maria, Mr. Courtenay will be here in a few minutes

notes. Mr. Barrett's family are in London, the keys of their house and gardens are left with us. There is, you know, a low wall behind your summer-house—it is the easiest thing in the world to climb it from their garden: there is a door of communication between our yard and their's; our Jenny, whom I can trust, will conduct Mr. Courtenay through this door unseen by the rest of the servants—he can easily leap the wall.

“ She then hem'd very loud:

“ Dear Emily, I am frightened to death—should my aunt ———

“ Never fear, interrupting me—I'll watch.

“ As she was speaking, Mr. Courtenay appeared—he caught my hand with transport.

“ Charming

“ Charming Miss Beafort, what have I suffered since last I saw you !

“ Emily went to a little distance, to watch the old ladies, she said.

“ Mr. Courtenay told me the refusal he met from my aunt ;—we had a great deal of discourse on the subject. In the most earnest terms, he entreated me to be his without her consent. He used every argument in his power to convince me I was not bound to submit to her cruel usage. His fortune was not great, but sufficient to render happy, two who preferred each other to all the world besides.

“ I hesitated—I knew not what to determine.

“ Emily beckoning that some one was approaching, he was forced to leave

leave me;—I promised Emily should let him know my determination.

“ I joined Emily, and pretended to be pointing out something curious in the green-house, when my aunt and Mrs. Harrison came up.

“ I acquainted Emily with Mr. Courtenay’s proposal—she said, it was the only measure left us to pursue; and promised to assist us to the utmost of her power. What a dreadful thing it is, my Helena, when young creatures are driven by ill-usage to take such steps! what a risk I ran, had not your father been the best of men—what might I not have suffered!

“ A week passed over—I saw Mr. Courtenay at church—he bowed to us, but took no farther notice. This
behaviour

behaviour blinded my aunt—she supposed he thought no more of me.

“ As we walked together, Emily conveyed a letter into my hand. As soon as I got home, I hurried to my room to read it—it was from Mr. Courtenay. He told me he had procured a license from London, and requested I would be ready the following morning at six o'clock, in the garden, where Emily and he would meet me.

“ I was so absent, so fluttered the whole day, I wondered my aunt did not observe it. Young as I was, I was sensible of the impropriety I was going to commit—but love had blinded my reason, and I acted from its dictates. My aunt was not very well; we did not go to church in the evening—I read to her 'till nine o'clock, which

which was my custom when we had no company.

“ I rested little all night—my perturbations encreased as the time approached. I dressed myself in my usual manner, to avoid giving suspicion to the servants. I put on my hat, which I often did to walk in the garden of a morning—the clock striking six, I descended the stairs with trembling steps, and proceeded to the garden; in a few moments Mr. Courtenay appeared—he flew to me with rapture. Emily, he said, was on the other side the wall; he had procured a ladder—he helped me up, and drawing the ladder over, we got down very easy. The hurry—fear of being detected, affected me so, I could scarce stand; they conducted me thro’ a gate that led into a narrow lane, at the end of which was a post-chaise;

we entered it, and drove to a village four miles off. The clergyman, who had been before apprised, was ready to receive us;—an officer of Mr. Courtenay's regiment, who attended, gave me away. I could hardly support myself during the sacred ceremony; when it was concluded, Mr. Courtenay embraced me, congratulating himself, that it was now beyond the power of fate to part us.

“ We returned in the same manner. Mr. Courtenay wanted to persuade me not to go to my aunt's, but I was inflexible, so I again got over the wall, and proceeded to the house—my heart beating with apprehension. Mr. Courtenay was to remain a while, to see if I had been missed.

“ Nanny met me as I entered,—
Law, miss, said she, where have you
been—

been—I have searched the whole garden for you—my mistress wants you to make tea, and send her a basin to her chamber.

“I was rejoiced to find things no worse. Looking at her with as much meaning as I could, I said, why did you not seek for me in the shrubbery. She took the hint,—

“Oh! dear that’s true; how stupid I was not to go there to be sure.

“I told her while I was at breakfast, wanting to see Miss Harrison, I had gone over the wall into Mr. Barrett’s garden. She was pleased with my confidence, and said, she would not acquaint my aunt.

“Things remained thus for a few days; I continued to meet Mr. Courte-

day and Emily every morning. He wished to have our marriage disclosed, but I would not consent—chance soon favoured his wishes.

“ The clergyman that married us’ having some business in our village, mentioned it at a gentleman’s house where he dined, not being enjoined secrecy—he spoke of it as a matter he supposed well known. A Mrs. Slater, who also dined there, a woman exceedingly fond of news, came immediately and acquainted my aunt with it. Imagine, if you can, her rage, or my confusion. I was ready to sink into the earth. Mrs. Slater affected to plead for me, but my aunt declared I should not remain an instant longer in her house—I might go to my beggarly husband.

“ I knelt, implored her pardon—she was inexorable, and desired me to be

be gone from her presence, vowing in the most solemn manner, I should never again cross her threshold.— Shocked to death, I knew not what to do. On her again desiring me to be gone, I went into Mrs. Harrison's— Emily endeavoured to comfort me, and sent immediately to Mr. Courtenay. Mrs. Harrison, tho' she blamed her daughter for the part she had acted, was very sorry for me.

“ I was weeping bitterly, when Mr. Courtenay arrived—he soothed me with inexpressible tenderness, and besought me not to afflict myself.

“ Ah! Mr. Courtenay, said I, what will become of me, should I lose your good opinion? I am a poor outcast! Should your friends also disapprove of our union, what will be the consequence?

“Fear not, my love, said he, my friends must approve. I will write to acquaint them with my marriage. I can never cease to adore my Maria; the more so, if possible, as it is on my account she leaves the protection of her unnatural relation.

“Thus, Helena, did your dear father calm my apprehensions. He took lodgings for me—I was soon visited by all my acquaintance. There was but one officer’s wife in town, an elderly genteel woman, she was pleased to take a particular fancy to me, and favoured me with some advice for the regulation of my conduct, which I have since found of infinite service to me.

“Mr. Courtenay wrote to his father—he soon received an answer, in which his father told him, he hoped
he

he had made a prudent choice, though from my extreme youth, he was inclined to doubt it. He invited us to spend some time with them, and then he should be able to judge for himself.

“ Mr. Courtenay was quite pleased with this letter—I was every thing in his partial eyes.

“ After trying in vain to be reconciled to my aunt, Mr. Courtenay obtained leave of absence, and we set off for his father's.

“ I had on my marriage, wrote to my brother. We stopped to dine in the town in which counsellor Williams lived; a messenger was immediately dispatched to Richard—the dear youth was with us in a few minutes—what a joyful meeting! Mr. Courtenay and he were delighted with each other.

While

While we were engaged in the most endearing conversation, the counsellor's carriage stopped at the door ; in a moment he entered the room,—after complimenting me in a very polite manner ‘ My dear Richard’s sister, said he, and her husband, must not pass my house without spending some time with me—nay, I insist on it.

“ We attended the worthy gentleman, and spent a fortnight at his house in the most agreeable manner : his sister, a very pleasing woman, presided at his table.

“ The parting between my brother and me, was very affecting ; alas ! it was a presentiment the separation was for ever !

“ We proceeded to my father-in-law’s ; on our alighting, Mr. Courtenay

may taking my hand, led me into the parlour; we knelt to our parents for their blessing—the old gentleman raised me, and saluting me said, ‘Why, aye, Charles, this is a fine girl indeed; if her mind is answerable to her exterior, I pronounce you a happy fellow. Well, children, God bless you; you are not overburthened with riches, nor can I assist you much; but I will do what I can my boy,—what say you my dear, turning to Mrs. Courtenay.

“Certainly, we will, my dear, smiling; she kissed me and gave us her blessing, in every tender manner.

“My father then enquired the particulars of our marriage; his son recounted them—he was greatly entertained, repeatedly declaring, it was what he would have done himself were
he

he a young fellow:—then taking my hand, ‘ Well, daughter, I like your countenance, it is frank and open: do you know I am a great physiognomist?

“ I was pleased with the old gentleman’s humour—he was equally delighted with me, and I soon became a great favourite.

Happy in the affection of the tenderest of husband’s, and his unremitted endeavours to procure me every felicity, time glided away imperceptibly, —if ever woman was adored by her husband, I was the envied she. Oh! Helena, in thus retracing passed events, the many virtues of your dear departed father, fills my soul with a melancholy pleasure—they now bloom and flourish in an immortal soil; but I afflict you, my child—to proceed.

While

“ While we were at my father’s, I received a letter from my cousin Henry ; my marriage he said, very much surpris’d him, but as I made him no promises, he had nothing to reproach me with, though he never could cease to love me. He enclosed a bank note for a hundred pounds, which he entreated me to accept, not as a gift, he said, but as part of my own, which he hoped he would one day be able to put me in possession of. He wish’d his limited allowance would permit him to evince his affection in a more extensive manner, and concluded, with wishing me every happiness.

“ I shew’d this letter to Mr. Courtenay ; he admir’d the noble disposition of the writer—immediately answer’d it ; I thank’d him for the concern he express’d for my welfare
—I ac-

—I accepted his present as a proof of his friendship, though I told him, I feared he had distressed himself by it.

We remained at my father's six months, and then joined the regiment which had gone to Ireland. I was not more than a year married when I lost my dearest brother, by a fever—this was a severe stroke!—my grief for his death was extreme! My cousin wrote often to us, and seldom omitted accompanying his letter with some present, which the expences of travelling rendered very acceptable.

The war before this broke out in America, about that time, the regiment your father was in, was ordered thither:—he had been promoted to the rank of a lieutenant.

“ I had

“ I had one child—my father and mother wished me to remain with them ; but I determined to accompany Mr. Courtenay,—indeed, it was equally his desire.

“ We embarked from Cork, and had a most tedious passage ; your father left me in Philadelphia:—oh ! my Helena, what did I suffer during this war, under continual apprehensions of losing the best of men ;—he came to see me as often as his duty would permit—and again left me to all my former anxiety—sometimes in the most distressing circumstances a woman can be left in.

“ I had several children in America—only one it was permitted me to rear : I was just recovered from this lying-in, when I received an account of your father’s being wounded.

Weak as I was, I instantly went to him; he was rejoiced to see me—I attended him without intermission 'till he was perfectly recovered. He obtained leave to go with me to Philadelphia; I flew to my little darling whom I had left at nurse—he was grown a lovely baby---your dear father doated on him.

“ The regiment was ordered to the West Indies---this parting was more shocking to me than any I had before experienced, as besides the terror of war, I had the climate to dread. Nothing, Helena, can compensate for such sufferings, which every wife, who tenderly loves her husband, must undergo.

“ After the reduction of Martinico and the Havannah, he returned to me. We prepared for England---after a
pleasant

pleasant passage, we landed at Portsmouth; this was near the village in which I was brought up: I could not resist the desire I had to revisit it;—we had not heard from my cousin for several years. Accordingly we set off the next morning for W——; we stopped at the inn, the same I before mentioned—I contemplated the house I had passed my earliest years in. Mr. Courtenay desired the waiter to send in his mistress—she came—I perfectly remembered the good woman; my long absence, and the alteration time had made in my person, hindered her from recollecting me.

“After ordering dinner, we proceeded to make enquiries respecting my family. Mrs. Montague, she told us, was dead, and her son also; he died before his mother—he was always afraid of the small-pox, and at

length resolved to be inoculated. He came from London for that purpose, and took it naturally while he was preparing for inoculation, and died the eleventh day.

“ His mother, continued Mrs. Elwin, did not seem particularly affected at his death, but her temper grew so bad, she could not get a servant to stay with her; and the last year of her life, she actually lived by herself—a char-woman going in the day time to do her work. The night she died, Mrs. Harrison went in to sit with her; she seemed melancholy, and for the first time mentioned her niece (a sweet creature, whom she hated barbarously.) I think your lady, sir, has some resemblance of Miss Maria.

“ Mr. Courtenay smiled.

“ The

“ The good woman stared ;—I really believe—can it be possible—yes, it is indeed Miss Maria !

“ Yes, Mrs. Elwin, embracing her ; it is indeed.

“ Goodness me, who would have thought it—ah ! many a time have I had you on my knee.

“ I know it Mrs. Elwin—you was always fond of me ; but favour us with the recital of my aunt's death : poor woman—my cousin Henry too !

“ Aye, madam—poor Mr. Henry was sincerely lamented by all ranks. Well, your aunt wished she had not been so severe to you—spoke of her son ; his last words, she said, was to charge her to make a provision for his cousin Maria. She knew not, she

said, if you were living; her cruel behaviour had prohibited all correspondence, but she determined to make enquiries respecting you. Mrs. Harrison encouraged her in this resolution, and staid with her to a late hour. The next morning, the neighbours were surpris'd at not seeing the house open, as Mrs. Montague still continued her custom of rising early;—twelve—one o'clock came; no appearance of Mrs. Montague: they then determined to force open the street door, fearing she was ill—they did so, and proceeding up stairs, found her dead in her bed.

“ I was greatly shocked at the manner of my aunt's death, cruel as she had used me. Poor woman, what must her thoughts have been, if she was sensible of the approach of death!—her repentance, and design to amend,

amend, affected me very much—alas! it was not allowed her.

“ Mrs. Elwin acquainted us, a brother of my aunt’s, from the Isle of Wight, came and took possession of all her effects; he said I was dead—no one disputed his title; so he sold the house and land, and returned to his own home.

“ I think, sir, said she, you ought to write to Mr. Seaton, and demand the property left by Mrs. Montague, as your lady’s just due.

Mr. Courtenay did so, and received an offer from him of some trifling sum—my aunt, he said, left very little behind her—This offer, Mr. Courtenay refused, and thus the matter has rested ever since.

“ I was

“ I was informed my friend Emily Harrison, was married to a gentleman of great fortune, near Portsmouth—Mrs. Harrison resided with them: we determined to visit them in our return thither. It was almost dark, when the carriage stopped at the gate; on ringing the bell, a servant came out; on enquiring if his lady was at home, he answered in the affirmative. We alighted, and were shewn into a fine old-fashioned parlour; in a few moments, my dear Emily made her appearance, followed by her husband, a handsome man, though much her superior in years.

“ She advanced with a mixture of surprise and curiosity in her countenance—I smiled—she instantly knew me. Flinging her arms round my neck, it is my Maria!—my dearest Maria, said she. Oh! my love (to her

her husband) this is the amiable friend you have so often heard me mention! but where is the worthy Courtenay?

“ I will answer that question, said he, coming from behind a screen, where he had hid himself.

“ The agreeable Emily welcomed him a thousand times—introduced him to her husband, who appeared to rejoice in what gave her pleasure.

“ She then led us into the room where her mother was sitting;—the good Mrs. Harrison was rejoiced to see us: they insisted on our remaining with them—the carriage was therefore discharged.

“ After supper, we related every thing that had happened to us since our departure from W.

Emily

Emily then told us she gave her hand to Mr. Staples, two years after our separation—she became acquainted with him at Winchester.

“ I heard of your embarking for America, said she, and often was you the subject of our conversation; you know of the death of your inhuman aunt—my mother was with her the night before—she seemed touched with her unnatural behaviour to you, and determined to do you justice,—poor wretch, she is gone to account for all. I was at W——, when Henry Montague died—what a different end was his!—a few hours before his death, he requested particularly to see me—I went—on approaching his bed,—he asked, in a faint voice, ‘ Is that the amiable Mrs. Staples.’ ‘ It is dear Henry—how do you find yourself?’

“ Death,

“ Death, madam, is making hasty strides ; I have no time to lose—sit down, I have something to say to you.

“ I did,—shocked at the alteration that merciless disorder had occasioned in his fine features, ‘ You know Mrs. Staples, the affection I always had for my cousin Maria—it grew up with me from my childhood. I cannot describe what I suffered on hearing of her marriage ; my love was of that pure kind, I preferred her happiness to my own—severely as I felt her loss, I could not blame her:—I determined to make a provision for her, as for a beloved sister. When I came of age, I found by my father’s will, I was not entitled to more than two hundred a year, during my mother’s life, and that to return to her, if she out-lived me, and I died unmarried.—Thus circum-

stanced

stanced, it was not in my power to do as I wished: I resolved therefore, to save as much as possible from my annual income, to help them out:—since they went to America, I have laid it by, with two hundred pounds I received the day I took ill—it comes to £. 500—I will entrust it to your care. I have entreated my mother in the most earnest terms, to leave what she possesses, to Maria's Courtenay as her undoubted right. She has promised she will, but sighing, should she not, the trifle I put into your hands, giving me his pocket-book, you will convey to her the first opportunity.

“I could not restrain my tears, at this generous testimony of my cousin's tenderness:—Emily continued,

“I knew not how to send such a sum to America---uncertain in what part

part you were: I kept it at interest, and will now have the happiness of presenting it to you.

“ We returned the amiable Mrs. Staples many thanks :---almost six hundred pounds was, you may suppose, very acceptable.

“ We remained with them a fortnight, and then proceeded to your grand-father’s--the good couple were overjoyed to see us—in a short time after, your grand-mother died—my sweet boy soon followed; Mr. Courtenay alarmed for my health, which was declining, took me with him to Ireland, hoping the change of scene would be of service to me—it was.

“ Mr. Courtenay’s father desiring to see us once more, he said, before he died, we went again to England.

Here my Helena first saw the light—you was named after your grandmother. The good old gentleman soon breathed his last—he was the best of creatures. We returned to Ireland, where we remained 'till the regiment was ordered to the West-Indies. A short time after our landing, your father was seized with a fever—his life was for some time despaired of. At length his disorder gave way to his good constitution—it left behind however, a weakness that rendered change of climate absolutely necessary.

“Mr. Courtenay obtained leave to go to America for a twelvemonth; it was just the commencement of the war—your father's health was soon re-established;—he returned to the West-Indies—I could not accompany him—our dear Charles (sweet fellow) was

was in the small-pox, but this you remember; and also, how ineffectual my endeavours were to get a passage to the West-Indies, when I was able to go. I received but one letter from your dear father; he desired me to hasten to England, where he hoped soon to join me. I could not obtain a pass from the Congress—time went on, and my apprehensions encreased—the event has unhappily justified them.”

My mother wept—my tears flowed with her's for a few moments; at last, I entreated her to be comforted, assuring her, no endeavours of mine should be spared, to render the rest of her life (chequered as it had been) happy.

What a packet, my Lucinda! I have only room to add on this sheet,

that Mr. Grenville has embarked.—
 Oh! Lucinda, after my mother's narrative, my heart sickens at the idea of a military life—I am not possessed of half her fortitude; how unfortunate for your poor friend, the only man she could ever love, is in so precarious a profession. Adieu! adieu!

Believe me, ever your's,

HELENA COURTENAY.



LETTER IX.

FROM THE SAME, TO THE SAME.

Dublin.

THE observation, my Lucinda, that one misfortune seldom comes alone, has been sufficiently exemplified in our case; where our distresses will

will end, or how, the creator of all things only knows;—at present, the prospect is gloomy indeed—the measure of our woes is, I fear, not yet complete. To inform you, however, of this unexpected affair;—the man, with whom we have been at law, has absconded; his estates, we find, are mortgaged to their utmost value.

Thunderstruck with the intelligence, lieutenant Jameson came and informed my mother in the gentlest terms—the worthy man tried in vain to comfort her. Not alone the demolition of our hopes, in the loss of the money, but the vast expence we have been at in endeavouring to recover it. The lawyers, my Lucinda, must be paid.

My dearest mother is not well; grief for her disappointment, preys

on her spirits. What will become of me, should I be deprived of her!—heaven avert so dreadful a misfortune! the bare idea, almost unhinges my understanding.

We must part with some superfluous ornaments, to enable us to discharge our lawyers accounts—no matter, my friend; such baubles cannot for a moment engage my attention, much less my regret at being deprived of them. The good lieutenant would raise the money for us, to the detriment of his own affairs; but my mother will not hear him on the subject.

Mrs. Grenville has been very ill; a bilious complaint, to which she is subject; she is not yet able to leave her chamber. In how tender a manner did this amiable woman offer her assistance: “Consider me as your sister,

ter, dear Mrs. Courtenay," said she: "Have I not an equal part in this dear girl? You must not, shall not refuse me."

My mother was inexorable—nothing could shake her resolution.

Mrs. Grenville at length desisted, though it was easy to perceive the pain the refusal occasioned her.

Edward Grenville is, I suppose, by this time, at his place of destination. What would his generous heart suffer, were he acquainted with our situation!

A servant from Mrs. Grenville's;—she has had a relapse. Oh! Lucinda, I must hasten to her.

[The

[*In Continuation.*]

Oh! my dearest Lucinda, the amiable Mrs Grenville will soon, I fear, leave us,—yes, my friend, she is on the eve of quitting this vale of tears,—mine blind me—I am stupified with grief.

When I got to William-street, the dear Jemima met me—her eyes swelled with weeping.

“ Oh! Helena, my mother,”—her sobs, her tears would not let her proceed.

Taking my hand, she led me to her apartment; I approached the bed of the dear sufferer:—with a sweet complacency, she held out her hand—I knelt by her bedside, and watered it with my tears—my heart seemed bursting.

“ Do

“Do not, my love, thus afflict yourself,” said she, in a voice—oh! how weakned! “Consider we must all arrive at this period---death is a messenger that will take no denial: could I have witnessed your union with my Edward, I must own it would make me easier; but I leave you, my children, in the hands of a merciful father—you must resign yourselves to his decrees.”

Oh! Lucinda, how I wept. The physicians arriving, I withdrew; when they left her, I followed them down; besought them to let me know what we had to expect.

“If a favourable change did not take place before morning, they said, it was impossible she could hold it many hours.”

This

This intelligence, though I feared it, was almost more than I could support. A copious flood of tears relieved me, and I returned to her room; she had fallen into a slumber. Poor Jemima forms great hopes from it; but her frequent startings, and the hectic flush that overspreads her face, fills me with apprehensions that those hopes will prove fallacious; but God is all merciful—all sufficient: perhaps she will be spared to our ardent prayers. Good night to my dear Lucinda.



A week has passed, and I again take up my pen, to tell my Lucinda, the tenderest of mother's—the most amiable of women, is no more!—her pure spirit has joined her kindred angels—we alone are the sufferers; deprived, for ever deprived of so inestimable a friend!

I have

— I have a melancholy pleasure in retracing every particular, respecting the last moments of this excellent woman.

She awoke from the sleep (of which the dear Jemima formed such hopes) not in the least refreshed: she appeared quite composed, though visibly drawing near her end, as she breathed with difficulty. We raised her with pillows: about two o'clock, she motioned for us all to approach her bed; she looked on us by turns, a sweet smile beaming on her fine countenance; in a broken voice, she said, " I wish I could see my son Charles; perhaps the sight of his dying mother exhorting him, might have sufficient influence to reconcile him to his brother. Oh! my children, at this awful moment, how poor, how trivial, appear all the riches and honours of
this

“this world! poor indeed! Laura—Jemima, you will soon be orphans! Oh! my children, let not jarring interest or discord, intervene between you: I have endeavoured to do my duty in giving you a virtuous education—be not wanting to yourselves, by rendering it ineffectual; but consider this life only as a passage to a better, and as such, bear the inevitable evils of mortality with resignation.—Bless you all, my children. Helena, tell Edward—it is my last request—he will —” Her speech failed; she could not finish the sentence.

Oh! Lucinda, what a heart-breaking scene! She continued bending her eyes on us, ’till she was seized with a convulsion, in which she expired.

The shock was too great---I fainted---on my recovery, my dear mother
was

was supporting me on a couch in the drawing-room---Jemima, the dear Jemima, in violent hysterics : after she was come to herself, and put to bed, we left her, and returned to Grafton-street. My mother insisted, I should try to get some rest.

When I consider how many affecting events have happened since our departure from America, how much do I suffer from the recollection---all in ten short months ! The last affliction---so unexpected---my poor Edward deprived of the only friend that would assist him---that could mediate between him and his cruel brother :---he came up to the funeral, I hear ; I would not for the world have seen him. Apparently much afflicted for his mother's death, as is his sister.

We are preparing to leave Ireland, as my mother's pension will be our

only support, we mean to return to London, where your Helena will have it in her power by painting, embroidery, and other fashionable works, to make an addition to our income. At this passage, methinks I see the tear glisten in my Lucinda's sweet eyes. Do not let it afflict you, my dear creature; rather rejoice with me, that I received an education to enable me to do so.

We do not intend to renew our former connections in London; we shall lodge in the most retired part: Mr. Freeman's family are abroad---I am not sorry for it; my proud heart could not bear the obligations they would endeavour, I am sure, to lay us under. I shall not even acquaint Julia with our residence.

Jemima

Jemima is inconsolable at our going; I convinced her of the impossibility of our remaining here: what would her eldest brother say, that we waited for Edward's return, as the business for which we came was concluded.

Flinging her arms round my neck, "My Helena, my more than sister, how can I part with you." I returned her embrace, and tried to console her by flattering her with hopes, alas! I dared not indulge myself.

[*In Continuation.*]

In two days, we bid adieu to Ireland. The worthy lieutenant and Mrs. Jameson, know not, they say, how to bear our absence. The Wentworths too, are greatly distressed.

My heart is heavy, but I will endeavour not to repine, conscious that

our misfortunes are not the effect of our own imprudence. This must be my consolation, and will I hope, inspire me with resolution, nobly to brave the proud man's contumely:—Poverty I embrace, since it comes unattended by guilt. God continue to me my dearest parent—all else, I submit to Providence. Adieu! my amiable friend; you will not cease to love me in any situation. I will write on our arrival in England. Once more adieu!

Believe me your

HELENA COURTENAY.

LETTER

L E T T E R X.

FROM THE SAME, TO THE SAME.

London.

WELL, my dear, again I date from London. We had a very agreeable passage, though so early in the season; after resting a day, we proceeded hither in the stage-coach. When we were seated (as we were alone) my mother observed, we had now to begin the world in a manner totally new to us—she sighed!

I entreated her to hope the best. “Let me but see you chearful, dearest madam, and I shall be happy; it will make me go with alacrity about any employment I can procure.”

She clasped me in her arms with silent energy—when she could speak,

U 3

she

she said, "Can I bear that my Helena, bred with the greatest delicacy, should be reduced to earn her bread."

"Dear mother," interrupting her, "let not that grieve you; why should you think it a degradation to make the education you gave me, a means to contribute to our ease and comfort: happy is it for me, I received such an education."

"We must not pretend," said my dear mother, "to investigate the decrees of Providence;"—but the carriage stopping, prevented her continuing. A young gentleman entered it; absorbed in our own contemplation, we were for a few miles, unobscurely silent. At last he entered into discourse with my mother: I at length joined in it; and in the course of our journey, he rendered himself very agreeable

agreeable to us, by performing every little act of courtesy, his politeness suggested to him.

When we got to London, the mistress of the inn recommended a reputable lodging; we removed immediately to it; the gentleman requested permission to visit us, which my mother politely declined. After we were settled in our little humble habitation, I sent Kitty to enquire at the principal fan-shops. I get as many mounts to paint as I can do; you know my cleverness in this branch; the delight I take in it, renders it a pleasure, not a toil; and I do them so quick, I have sufficient leisure to pursue other avocations. Once a week we take an airing; this enlivens our spirits, and prevents our health from being injured by retirement, and a sedentary life.

Kitty,

Kitty, faithful creature, is rejoiced at remaining with us ; I have forbid her mentioning to any person our former situation. I have wrote to Edward Grenville, acquainting him with the loss of our suit, and our departure from Ireland ; our present manner of subsistence, I mean to conceal carefully from him : I know the pain it would give him, and perhaps hasten him home to the disadvantage of his affairs.



This strange man that came up with us to town, Kitty informs me, is continually throwing himself in her way. Yesterday, he besought her to deliver a letter to me : this she peremptorily refused.

I commended her discretion, and desired her to discourage him by every means in her power.

I have

I have not so many subjects to fill my letters as formerly; our lives glide on in the same unvaried file—a peaceable obscurity, is all I at present wish for.

[*In Continuation.*]

An affair has happened that has much distressed me. In one of our airings, a few days ago, the coach by some accident, jostled against a gentleman's carriage. The coachmen abused each other in a violent manner; they even proceeded to blows. Fearing they would be hurt, I put my head out of the window to speak to them, when who should I see in the other carriage, but Sir Charles Manning; I instantly drew back, but it was too late—he had observed me. In a moment, he was at the coach-door.

Good

“ Good God! Miss Courtenay in England! this is indeed an agreeable surprise.”

I stammered out a reply—I was disconcerted, and provoked at the *re-contre*.

He then paid his compliments to my mother. I recovered sufficiently to enquire for Lady Manning and his sister. “ They are well, he said, and both in the country.” He requested permission to escort us home, which my mother declined. He then begged to be allowed to wait on us at our lodgings. My mother declared, she did not receive any company. At last he took his leave much chagrined.

However, through the back glass, I perceived one of his servant’s following our carriage; I told my mother; she

she desired the man to set us down at a shop in Cheapside, where we deal for groceries, though they are unacquainted with us. My mother complaining of a faintness, the lady of the house politely shewed us into a back parlour. We staid a sufficient time to lead the man to suppose this our place of residence; then having a coach called, proceeded home.

But in spite of all our precaution, this Sir Charles discovered our lodgings, and appeared the next morning. I was at my usual employment. He admired my work;—speaking and looking with a freedom scarce to be borne, not heeding the confusion his bold manner occasioned.

He also made a great many impertinent enquiries about our present situation; though it must have appeared pretty plain.

How

How indelicate, my Lucinda! quite disgusted, I applied closely to my work, scarce deigning to answer him.—Heartily rejoiced was I, when he took himself away. My mother, very much displeased, has left orders with the people of the house, not to admit him, should he come again.

A letter for me. From who, I wonder.

What an insult has your poor Helena received; now indeed, do I experience the evils of poverty, and want of protection! Would you believe, this vile, thrice vile Sir Charles, has dared to affront me with the offer of a settlement! He has, my Lucinda, but he is not worth my resentment;—his vices have levelled him beneath it.

I would

and I would not afflict my mother with the knowledge of this circumstance. I enclosed his detested letter in a blank cover, directed to him. I must break off—business crouds in so thick upon me, I have scarce a moment to spare; this is great encouragement to me, as it proves my work is liked.

[*In Continuation.*]

A week has passed, and I have not heard any thing more of Sir Charles; I am in hopes he will let me remain free from molestation: we could not remove sufficiently out of his way, without giving up my present employment—this would be a great hardship, as I should be at a loss what to adopt so lucrative, and at the same time so agreeable.

Mrs. Walker, the person I do the fans for, has sent to request I will

come to her; she has some directions to give she cannot explain to the servant; it is very disagreeable to me to go, but I may perhaps offend her, if I refuse. Kitty is preparing to attend me.



Oh! Lucinda, what an escape! Merciful God, can I ever be thankful enough for my preservation! Had not thy providence intervened to snatch me from destruction, what a wretch by this time might I not have been!—I shudder at the thought:—to relate the particulars of this horrid affair.

On my proceeding with Kitty to Mrs. Walker's, in turning the corner of Fleet-market, I felt myself seized behind, and lifted with force from the ground; it was almost dark; I screamed and

and struggled to disengage myself, but the villain clapped a handkerchief to my mouth, and with the assistance of another, was forcing me into a coach that was drawn up close to the flags. I gave myself up for lost, but God endued me with supernatural strength I am sure, for I tore the handkerchief from my face, and again screamed with the utmost violence, requesting the passengers to assist me. I heard an exclamation of, heaven! don't I know that voice! can it be Miss Courtenay?

“Oh! yes, yes—it is indeed!—help me worthy gentleman—deliver me from these villains!”

The gentleman then advanced, and a croud gathering, he said, “Assist me my friends, to rescue this young lady from the clutches of these miscreants.”

I then recognised the voice, and person of Lord H. Overpowered with joy on the discovery, I fainted in his arms. On my recovery, I found myself in a house, whither I had been carried whilst I was insensible, Lord H. hanging over me with the strongest compassion expressed in his countenance—Kitty weeping with violence at my side.

A pretty delicate young girl now came in with a glass of water and some drops, which she pressed me to take; I did, and found great relief.

Kitty had been seized at the same time, and was rescued by some of those who had been assembled by the tumult.

A coach being called, Lord H. attended me home. My mother was all astonishment.

“ Lord

"Lord H!" articulated she; then turning to me, alarmed at the paleness of my looks, she begged to know what had happened.

Lord H. broke it to her in the gentlest manner. What were her emotions! Though she held me in her arms, she could scarce think me out of danger. How did she pour out her thanks to heaven, and her gratitude to my Lord H—the preserver of her child.

He asked if we could guess, who had made this shocking attempt.

"Sure it was not the gentleman that came in the coach with us," said my mother.

"No madam," said I, "my suspicions fall on Sir Charles Manning."

I then told them the infamous proposal I had received from him.

“Why Helena,” replied my mother, “did you conceal it from me?”

“I was unwilling to make you uneasy, madam.”

“I applaud your motive, my dear Miss Courtenay,” said my Lord,” but I could not have supposed Sir Charles so great a villain; I will call on him to-morrow,”—his face colouring with indignation.

“For heaven’s sake, my Lord, do not; consider we have no proof of his baseness; I never would forgive myself was you to be involved in a quarrel with this man.”

At length we got him to promise he would let the matter drop. He

then informed us he had been married about two months to Miss D.

“ I felicitate your Lordship on your happiness,” said I; “ I hope Lady H. is well.”

“ She is, and in town; she wrote to you a few days ago, and directed her letter to Dublin. I shall rejoice her on my return to Cavendish-Square.”

The worthy nobleman then took his leave, promising to visit us with his lady in the morning.

Can I then, my Lucinda, I repeat, be sufficiently thankful for the goodness of the Almighty vouchsafed to me, in sending this gentleman to my relief! Had it been any one I was unacquainted with, they might have believed any thing the vile wretches
pleased

pleased to invent, and I had been lost for ever.

A carriage stops—it is Lord H's.

What a meeting, Lucinda! it is impossible to describe it.

Lady H. is the same amiable unaffected girl—the same sweet lively Charlotte. They both earnestly insisted we should accompany them to Cavendish-Square, and from thence into Devonshire, whither they were preparing to go in a few days.

They appeared shocked at our present manner of living—for it could not be hid from them.

“You must not,” said my Lord, addressing my mother, “remain in this unprotected

unprotected state—Sir Charles may renew his attempts.”

“Consider this, my dear Mrs. Courtenay,” said Lady H. and consent to oblige us, “if you do not, we must seize, and convey you to our old castle by force. My Lord will turn knight-errant to procure me this happiness. Won’t you, my Lord?”

“Certainly, my love; especially when the theft will confer so much pleasure on us all.”

My mother hesitated—her fears for my safety, induced her to accept this friendly invitation.

“I have not words,” said she, “adequate to the sense I have of this kindness; but —

“I will

"I will have no buts," said her lively Ladyship, "so prepare to remove immediately; the coach shall attend you at what hour you appoint; so my dear Helena, set about it." She rose to go, saying, "I have twenty visits to pay; remember I expect you to dinner; if you fail, Helena, you will incur my mortal displeasure."

"That, I told her, laughing, would be a punishment more than equal to the offence."

"Well, do not deserve it, my dear girl," and away she flew.

So there is another change going to take place; how often must I exclaim, what vicissitudes attend us!

[*In Continuation.*]

More and more surprising things, my Lucinda! There is, I believe, a tide

tide in human affairs; ours, so lately at the lowest ebb, are now rising to the contrary extreme.—But to proceed:

When we arrived at Cavendish-Square, Lord H. hastened to hand us from the carriage; in how polite, in how truly friendly a manner, did he welcome us!—he led us to the drawing-room. Lady H. embraced us, “Consider me as your daughter, madam, to my mother: You, my dear Helena, as a sister; for such is the affection I feel for you.”

My mother was overpowered with her emotions; mine prevented my utterance; I could only press her hand to my lips in emphatic silence.

The entrance of dinner, interrupted this painfully pleasing scene.

There

There was no company ; our entertainment was indeed, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

I enquired for Lady D. apologising for not having done so before.

" Oh ! she is in the country," said Lady H. " Almeria is quite domesticated ; she has had a son-and-heir since you left London : we are to spend a week with them in your way to Castle H. so you will see her."

I expressed my pleasure at this intelligence. The next evening, there was a great deal of company. I was surprised to see my Lord advance with a gentleman, whom he presented to me by the name of Seaton, the same who travelled with us from Chester ; I blushed, and he appeared confused.

My

My Lord said, "How is this Seaton—I believe you have seen Miss Courtenay before." "I have my lord.

A gentleman then joined my lord, and they walked to the other end of the room.

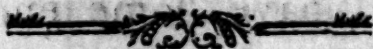
Mr. Seaton taking a chair next me said, "I have been engaged in a very melancholy office since I beheld Miss Courtenay:—I have lost the best of father's—a particular affair calls me up to London—should it turn out as I hope and expect it will, I shall have the happiness of obeying the last commands of a dying parent.

I was surprised, my Lucinda, at this discourse; but our slight acquaintance would not permit me to ask an explanation.

He continued: "Mrs. Courtenay will allow me to wait on her to-morrow: I have a few questions, which I hope she will be good enough to resolve; at twelve to-morrow, if convenient, I will attend her."

This encreased my astonishment; he perceived it, and added, "You are surpris'd, Miss Courtenay—this

The fop Mortimer, approaching, he could say no more. I was quite vexed at the interruption.



I related the particulars of this conversation at supper; adding, "Mr. Seaton would be more explicit I supposed, in the morning."

"Seaton!" reiterated my mother;
"that is the name of my aunt Montague's

tague's brother, who possessed himself of all her effects, which by right was mine."

"My life on it then," said Lady H. "this is her son, and he came to make restitution."

"You have settled the business very cleverly, my dear," said my Lord smiling.

However, morning came, and at twelve Mr. Seaton, after some general conversation, turning to my mother, he said, "I have some enquiries to make, Mrs. Courtenay, which I hope you will not think impertinent."

She made a polite reply, and he went on: "What, madam, was your father's name?"

"Beaufort, sir."

“And your mother’s was—

“Montague.”

“It is as I wished ;—unscrutable are the ways of providence.”

Mrs. Courtenay (rising) “In me you behold the son of your aunt’s brother. Yes, madam, my father, before his death, made ample retribution for so many years keeping possession of what was so justly your’s. My journey to London (in which we met so unexpectedly) a journey ever to be remembered with pleasure, was to settle some business for my father ; his ill-health not permitting him to come himself. At my return, I found him much worse, and we were in hourly expectation of his death. Sitting by him one evening, he began a discourse (we were alone) on the folly of imagining wealth could procure happiness.”

“I am

“ I am rich,” said he, “ and yet, sighing, I never was truly happy.”

“ My father,” said I.

“ Hear me, my son, I want to unburthen my mind to you—long have I wanted to do it, but had not resolution;—half the riches I at present possess, I hold unlawfully.”

I started.

“ You may well appear surprised;—yes George, by your aunt Montague’s death, I possessed myself of all her property, though there was a child of Mr. Beaufort’s living, who by a will made in her favour, was the true heir; this will entitled me to a thousand pounds, the remaining ten thousand to her niece; it was in my sister’s hand-writing, not finished, in-

tended I suppose, for a rough draught to be sent to her lawyer in town; I found it among her papers, and basely suppressed it. This niece was married to an officer, and was abroad: his name was Courtenay."

"Courtenay!" I repeated.

"Yes, my son; I flattered myself she would never return—in this I was mistaken. In a few years after, I received a letter from her husband, letting me know, he presumed his wife was entitled to her aunt's possessions: I answered his letter; said my sister died worth very little; and in short, offered him two hundred pounds as the whole of her property. This he refused with disdain, and from that to this, I never heard more from them."

My

My father paused—sighing deeply, he resumed, “I have in my will bequeathed fifteen thousand pounds to Maria Beaufort, or her heirs: the task of discovering them, my son, rests on you. You will be sufficiently rich in what is truly your own; and by this restitution, I hope to make my peace with God.

My father ceased; I then told him, “I fancied I had already found the lady in question; and if so, his mind should soon be set at ease; but should I be mistaken, no endeavours on my part should be wanting to discover her if living, or her children.”

He thanked me, and said, “I must hasten to the lady I thought was the person.”

“That night, however, my poor father breathed his last; I may pronounce

nounce him a true penitent. As soon as my affairs would permit, I hastened to London—flew to your lodgings, and hearing you were removed to Lord H's. (having some acquaintance with his Lordship) I came hither yesterday evening. I soon recognised the fair Helena, and besought his Lordship to introduce me: and now, madam, permit me to fulfil my dying father's request. This paper entitles you to fifteen thousand pounds, placed in the funds."

It is impossible, Lucinda, to describe the different emotions that possessed us at this unhopèd for event; joy, gratitude, astonishment, rendered us speechless.

The amiable Mr. Seaton, with the most lively pleasure, congratulated himself on our fourtunate meeting.

A message

A message from lady H. interrupted our acknowledgments. Charlotte was impatient to know the result of our conference.

I flew to her, and related our good fortune; she received the news with as much transport as if it immediately concerned herself.

Mr. Seaton passed the day with us; my Lord invited him to accompany us to Castle H. He consented with pleasure.

This affair has happened so rapidly—so unexpectedly, I can scarce credit myself—it is reality. So lately in such obscurity—labouring for our support!—now, the inhabitant of a princely mansion—possessed of an affluent fortune!—can it be? Oh! my Lucinda, join your prayers with mine,

mine, that I be not puffed up with this unlooked for prosperity! that I may still preserve an humble heart in this elevation! and not turn the blessing into a curse, by forgetting myself!

As I have some preparation to make for my journey—I must conclude: you will with me, wonder and adore. How shall short-sighted mortals presume to investigate the ways of providence, which leads us (as in our case) through the most grievous sufferings, to unexpected felicity!—Farewel, my amiable Lucinda; I hope soon to hear from you. Remember me to all your worthy friends, and believe me ever your's,

HELENA COURTENAY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XI.

MRS. BYRON TO MISS HELENA COURTENAY.

Philadelphia.

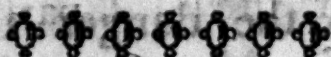
YOUR last letter, my dearest Helena, has rendered me inconsolable. And is all lost? Oh! that you could come to me—that those troubles would permit my Byron to go for you! Can I bear the idea of Helena Courtenay labouring with her own hands for subsistence, while I abound, not only in the necessaries, but the superfluties of life! I participate in your sorrow for Mrs. Grenville; may her son feel compunction to the heart; had he not behaved with a cruelty unparalleled, my sweet girl would not have wanted a protector.

The most affectionate of husband's
a few days since, joined General Wash-
ington's

ington's army: the most alarming apprehensions assail me, when I think of the danger to which he is exposed. Heaven preserve him to his Lucinda!

Fanny was married a fortnight ago; this union bids fair to be a happy one; she is deserving of every felicity.

By the date of your letter, it has been a great while coming; I am in daily expectation of another. I foolishly imagine it will bring intelligence your affairs are not so desperate.



We have just received an account of the capture of the West-India islands. Your Grenville is a prisoner then; he will no doubt soon be exchanged, and return home. Do not let a false delicacy, I charge you, hinder your acceptance of his hand—you never, I am certain, will be another's.

Joy,

Joy, joy, a thousand times repeated, to my dearest girl, and her amiable mother! My head turns round—I am giddy with excess of delight;—now will every thing happen to your wish, amiable lovely girl! Your patient resignation has not gone without its reward. Blessings on the good Seaton. His father too, I forgive him heartily all his roguery, for his being so honest at last.

It is impossible to express my admiration of the amiable pair, whose guests you are. I shudder, when I reflect upon the danger the worthy lord so happily preserved you from. That vile wretch, Sir Charles—but my heart is so dilated with your good fortune, I have not room for resentment.

Peace, I hope, will one day be restored to this unhappy country—a

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blessing

bleffing I cease not to pray for ; then, with my dearest Byron, will I visit my beloved friend ; then will we talk over all those interesting events, that has passed since our separation.—My heart bounds with transport, while I anticipate this joyful moment, when I shall again fold to it, the dearest, and most valuable of friends.

Having an opportunity, I will not delay sending this off. That your next letter may assure me of the augmentation of your happiness, 'till it cannot admit of encrease, is the sincere wish

Of your

LUCINDA BYRON.

LETTER

L E T T E R XII.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MRS. BYRON.

Castle H.

HAPPINESS, my dear Lucinda, crouds on your Helena ; yes, my friend, my pen begins to make free with a word, so long a stranger to my bosom.

The sprightly Lady H. rendered our journey very agreeable : we staid ten days at Sir William D's. his amiable lady participated in our felicity. We then proceeded hither. Lord H. is adored by his tenants—he is the best of landlords. Castle H. is situated in a very pleasing neighbourhood, and our time passes in a continual round of amusements.

But to relate the cause that renders my felicity perfect, know, that Edward Grenville is returned.

I was sitting in the drawing-room yesterday evening, just after tea, when a servant entered,

“A gentleman enquires for Miss Courtenay.”

“Where is he, James?” said Ld. H.

“I have shewn him into the parlour, my Lord.”

Sir Charles Manning occurred to me; I was loath to go; but recollecting how foolish were my fears, I descended to the parlour. Oh! Lucinda, imagine my astonishment; I beheld—not Sir Charles—but my Grenville! I screamed, and should have fallen to the ground, had not his arms supported me, exclaiming, “My angelic Helena, forgive my rashness in thus surprising you!”

The

The company in the drawing-room, alarmed at my scream, hastened into the parlour.

As Mr. Grenville was a stranger to every one present, except my mother, think what must have been their surprise to see me in the arms of a young officer, whose countenance expressed the most impassioned tenderness.

Abashed and confounded, I disengaged myself from his embrace.

“Is it possible,” said my mother; “do I see Mr. Grenville!” He flew into her arms—she folded him to her bosom.

Description must fail, Lucinda, doing justice to this scene: at length we were something more composed, and enabled to act like rational beings.

Lord and Lady H. participated in our pleasure. Charlotte whispering, "So, so, now our lover is returned, our heart will be at ease; a wedding will follow, and thus will the novel be wound up."

I could not help smiling at her whimsical Ladyship. After supper, as there was only friends present, my mother requested Edward to acquaint us how he came to surprise us so suddenly. He did in the following words:

"When I received my sister Jemima's letter, containing the intelligence of my dear mother's death, I need not say how much I was afflicted. This severe blow was accompanied with another, the loss of your law-suit, and your removal to England. Your dear letter, my Helena, from your silence respecting your situation,

tion, convinced me all was not right. How was I tortured with my apprehensions ! Just then, our island was surrendered to the superior force of the French. We were carried to Old France, and soon after exchanged, and sent to England.

“ On my arrival in London, I hastened to your lodgings—how did my heart palpitate as I approached them !

“ I rapped at the door ;—shew me, said I, half out of breath (to the woman) to Mrs. Courtenay.”—“ She is not here, sir.”

“ Not here, good woman ! for heaven’s sake, where then is she !”

“ The woman smiled.

“ Do not dally with my impatience, I beseech you.”

Mrs. Courtenay

"Mrs. Courtenay, sir, and Miss Helena, are at Lord H's. in Cavendish-Square."

"To Cavendish-Square I flew, and again was disappointed. You were at Castle H. the servant informed me.

"I would have set off immediately, but my old Bateman entreated me to take a few hours rest. I consented, and at day light in the morning, began my journey.

"When I arrived next inn, my impatience would not allow me to change my dress before I proceeded hither; and this (bowing) must be my apology for appearing in this figure."

His excuse was accepted, you may be sure. He read my satisfaction in my countenance—his fine eyes sparkling with joy.

Lord

Lord H. insisted he should accept of an apartment in his house; much intreaty was not necessary to urge him to a proceeding so agreeable to him, and though he was so fatigued, it was a late hour ere we separated.

This morning after breakfast, we were alone in the drawing-room.

Again did he express his transport at this happy meeting. "What hinders our being immediately united, my Helena," said he: "I have been promoted to the rank of a lieutenant; do not then, my sweet girl, procrastinate our nuptials any longer; with your oeconomy, I have no doubt our income will answer all our desires. Speak my dearest love—bless me with your consent."

I smiled, and referred him to my mother. As he was flying to seek her, she entered. In

In the most earnest terms, he besought her to consent. Taking our hands, she joined them together—
“There my children,” said she, “with pleasure I consent to an union which I am sure will be productive of so much happiness;—with the more joy, as with Helena Courtenay, a fortune of ten thousand pounds awaits your acceptance.”

“Madam!” said the astonished Grenville.

“Yes, my dear son,” continued my mother, “My daughter is possessed of that sum—which, without hesitation, shall be appropriated to ensure your felicity.”

He was embarrassed—for the first time was Edward Grenville at a loss for expression; in broken sentences he said, “Oh! madam, though I rejoice

at

at your augmentation of fortune, yet I—indeed—my own fortune so trivial—how can I pretend—

My mother interrupted him, “No more, my dear Grenville; would you not have shared that fortune with her? Suppose this acquisition had been your’s, would it cause a change in your sentiments?”

“Oh! madam, nothing could cause such a change.”

“Well then, if not on your part, why on ours? for your own sake, do not pay Helena so bad a compliment.”

Lady H. coming into the room, my mother told her what had passed.

She feliciated us in her lively agreeable manner. Her lord soon after entering, added his congratulations.

We

We return to London in a fortnight—then, ah! my Lucinda, happy as my prospects are, my heart flutters at the approaching solemnity.

[*In Continuation.*]

This teasing Edward cannot bear me a moment from his sight; I tell him I am encreasing my happiness by communicating it to my friend. He will not hear reason; like a spoiled child, his humours grow on indulgence. Adieu! my Lucinda, 'till my arrival in London.



Well, my amiable friend, we are again inhabitants of this metropolis. As we approached, the difference in our situation, from the last time we entered it, struck me forcibly;—my
eyes

eyes filled with tears, and my heart expanded with gratitude to the great author of all this felicity. Happy, happy Helena! can you be sufficiently thankful!—never! never!



In eight days, your Helena forfeits all claim to the name of Courtenay: may no repentance ever follow this act! Should Grenville grow indifferent—but no; I have no doubts—I can have none—my reliance on him is unlimited.



We were at the play last night; who should I see in the opposite box, but Sir Charles Manning—I changed colour; Edward, ever attentive, observed it. I complained of the heat, and soon recovered presence of mind to see him approach, which he did,

without betraying any particular emotion. With the utmost effrontery, he enquired after our health. My mother scarcely could conceal her indignation. He remained in our box 'till the play was over. Of what assurance is this man possessed, my Lucinda.

Edward has wrote to Jemima Grenville; a letter from me accompanied his, in which I informed her of the surprizing change a few months has effected.



I am tormented by this dear Charlotte; I tell her I shall never be able to wear out all the finery she is continually ordering for me; but on the least objection, she rallies me so unmercifully, I am obliged to acquiesce in all her whims.

I must

I must conclude my letter; they take my pen from me; no more must I write at present, says the proscribing Lady H. Edward saucily seconds the motion. My only anxiety is occasioned by not hearing from you. I hope a letter is on the road, which by relieving my apprehensions, will enable me to subscribe myself

Your happy friend,

HELENA COURTENAY.

L E T T E R XIII.

LADY H. TO MRS. BYRON.

London.

S A N S ceremony, which I detest, I offer a new correspondent to my dear Mrs. Byron, as I am sure she will be glad to hear what I am impa-

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tient

tient to relate—the particulars of her fair friend's marriage.

On the morning of the happy day, I attended the dear girl in her chamber; she was greatly agitated; I attempted to compose her, by observing to her, the many amiable virtues of her Grenville.

She acknowledged her fears were groundless; but oh! dear Lady H. clasping her arms round my neck, I am the weakest of creatures—possessed of the tenderest of mothers, can you be surprised that I—

“Well, well, child, interrupting her, all this is very true, and you are very good, dutiful little girl; but meantime, let me assist you to dress, except you chuse your spouse elect should surprise you in that trim.”

“Dear

“ Dear Lady H. —

“ And dear Helena, I say—we shall be too late for the parson child, and then you will repent this trifling.”

“ How can you, Lady H. —

“ Well, well, I have done (courte-
sing) will you please to dress or not ?”

She could not help laughing—this was what I wanted. So she began the important task of dressing, which was soon finished—sweetly she looked.

She had on, a white muslin levite, a pale blue sash encircled her delicate waist, a gauze French night-cap, and a chip hat lined and trimmed with the same colour as her sash, her fine tresses falling in ringlets to her waist—in my life, I never saw her appear more lovely.

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When

When we descended to the breakfast parlour, her fair face was covered with blushes. Grenville, joy too great for utterance, glowing in his animated countenance, advanced to meet her; taking her hand, with a look the most impassioned, he pressed it to his lips. He was elegantly dressed in a new suit of regimentals, and appeared divine.

We proceeded to church. Helena, as she walked up the aisle, trembled excessively. When the clergyman began his sacred office, I thought she would have fainted. Grenville looked tenderly apprehensive;—before the ceremony was concluded, she was more tranquil;—when it was over, we feliciated her and her amiable Grenville.

She thanked us in her sweet modest manner—he with the most lively transports.

After

After we had breakfasted, we took an airing round Hyde-Park, 'till dinner. The remainder of the day we spent in the most chearful manner. Mrs. Courtenay, amiable woman, looked serenely happy.

In the evening, we formed a little concert; Grenville requested his sweet bride to sing; she did—what praises were lavished on her voice! Coming, good folks. Adieu! adieu! The dear girl will soon write herself, in the mean time, dear Mrs. Byron, accept this imperfect sketch. I must add, you would be charmed with the behaviour of this lovely couple—no fulsome fondness, though every look, every action, testifies how much they adore each other. Another summons; I must go—Helena herself is the messenger. I am wanted in the happy circle below, she says—no pleasure without

without me—flattering girl. Once
more adieu. Dear madam,

Your's sincerely,

CHARLOTTE H.



LETTER XIV.

MRS. GRENVILLE TO MRS. BYRON.

London.

I HAVE just received my Lu-
cinda's dear letter. Oh! my amiable
friend, prophetic be your hopes; soon,
soon may this fatal contest end, that
I may again enjoy your invaluable
society, then will the measure of my
felicity be full.

My Edward—my husband!—de-
lightful appellation! superior in my
opinion, to the most splendid titles,
wishes

wishes impatiently for this happy period—quickly may it arrive.

We have had a letter from the dear Jemima; and would you believe it, one from Mr. Charles Grenville.

Edward's eyes sparkled with indignation when he saw his brother's hand; some new insult, I suppose, said he. I entreated him to be calm to read Mr. Grenville's letter. Putting his arm round me, "Teach me love, by your sweet example, to curb this impetuosity of disposition."

He then read his letter—the strongest surprise appeared in his countenance—he put it in my hand. On the perusal, my astonishment equalled his. After congratulating Edward on his marriage, he told him he made over five hundred a year to him,

him, enclosing a deed properly attested; the remainder of his estate would be his on his death, he said, as he never should marry; concluding with entreating his forgiveness for his former cruelty.

We looked at each other in silence for a moment. "Yes, said I, this generous attonement evinces you are a son of my ever-to-be-regretted Mrs. Grenville." Tears started into my eyes—my Edward wiped them off—his own glistening.

We then opened Jemima's letter; in how tender a stile did the dear girl write. I looked at Mr. Grenville; "I have a request to make, Edward."

"What, my sweet Helena?"

"You promise to grant it."

"Can you doubt it."

"Well,

“ Well, it is this—let our dearest Jemima live with us.”

He caught me to his bosom—
“ Amiable girl, how you delight me by this proposition: yes, my lovely Helena, I consent with pleasure. You have an equal affection for our Jemima.”

“ Well then, smiling, if you permit me, thus I settle it: As soon as we can quit our worthy friends, we will visit Ireland. My mother will, I know, accompany us; we can remain there as long as you can be spared from your regiment, and Jemima can return with us.”

“ A charming scheme, my love, worthy of the dear planner.”

I forgot to mention the worthy Seaton. Soon after Edward's arrival

at

at Castle H. he came down to breakfast one morning, equipped for a journey. "Bless me, Mr. Seaton," said Lady H. "where are you going?"

"To London, madam, said he; I received letters that I must answer in person."

We all expressed our regret at this intelligence, and he departed. Just after he was gone, I had a short note delivered to me by a servant, in which he told me not to be offended; but particular reasons obliged him to absent himself—reasons that I must not enquire into.

Amiable, delicate man! I imagine I could guess them. He is now in the country.

I have a letter from Julia—she is married; she proposes with Mr. Selwin, to

to be soon in town, to wait the arrival of Mr. Freeman's family, which is daily expected.



I have had a very pleasing rencontre. We went this morning to walk in Saint James's Park; in the course of our promenade, I met Miss Manning—running to meet me, “My dear Miss Courtenay, who could have thought of meeting you in Saint James's Park—how rejoiced I am to see you.” She then apologised to her party, and joined us. Lady H. invited her to spend the day; she accepted her invitation, and returned home with us. We went with Charlotte into her dressing-room; she interrogated me respecting Mr. Grenville, saying, “She supposed he was a lover.”—I blushed.

"Yes, my dear Anna," said Lady H. smiling, "and something more."

"What do you tell me!—then you are married, my amiable Helena."

"Silence gives consent," said Lady H.

She embraced me, and wished me joy. Sweet girl, what a contrast to her wicked brother. I would not pain the gentle Anna with a knowledge of his vile behaviour.

When we re-entered the drawing-room, Lady H. introduced Edward to her; she seemed struck with his address. In a low voice she told me, she saw I was repaid for all my distresses. I answered, indeed I was.

Oh! my Lucinda, my full heart runs over with thankfulness to the supreme giver, when I reflect on the

the past, or look forward to the future. Hence, from my eventful life, let none despair, even if they are reduced so as almost to forfeit hope—whilst possessed of conscious rectitude, let them securely rely on their all-sufficient Creator, who in his own good time, will relieve them, and often by means the most miraculous.

Farewel, my dearest Lucinda, write soon. Thus my friend, though the morning of my life rose cloudy and tempestuous, the scene has suddenly changed, and the day has brightened into the sun-shine of felicity, and beautifully illumines the remaining prospect, as far as the weak eye of humanity can penetrate.

Believe me, ever your's,

HELENA GRENVILLE.

F I N I S,